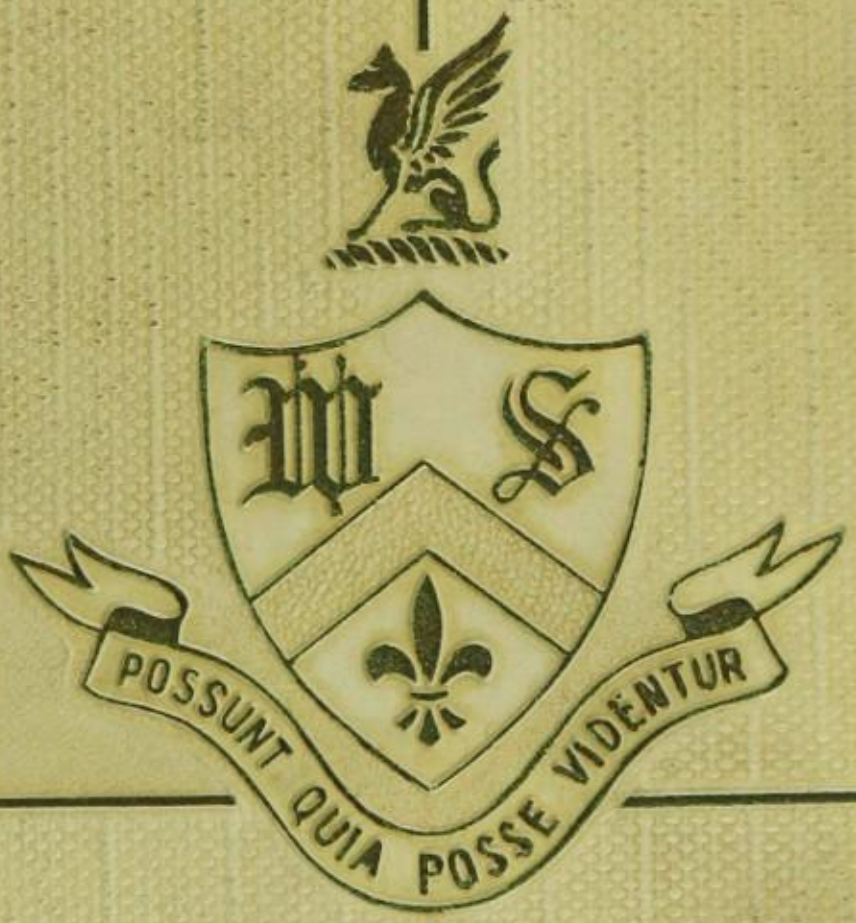
1954

ANNIVERSARY ISSUE



Pamela Lerner

VOX PUELLARUM

1954

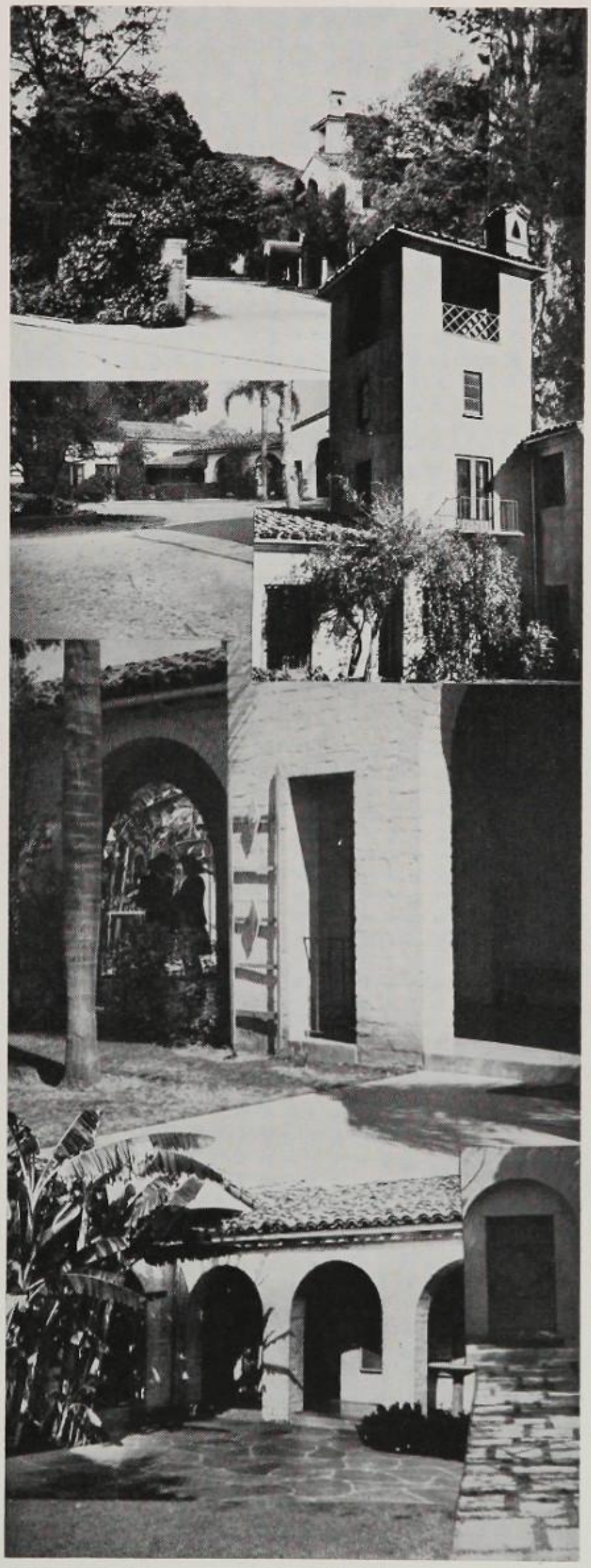


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Table of Contents

SENIORS
(debutantes) — page 17

UNDERCLASSMEN
(sub-debs) — page 49

SPORTS
(on with the ball) — page 65

ORGANIZATIONS
(dance committees) — page 73

ACTIVITIES
(entertainment) — page 81

ART AND LITERARY
(contest and awards) — page 97

Vox Puellarum

requests the honor of your presence at

The Anniversary Ball

in honor of

The Fiftieth Anniversary of

The Westlake School for Girls

GUEST

OF HONOR

MRS. MILDRED RUSSEL

To you, Mrs. Russel, we dedicate this our fiftieth anniversary annual—you who have inspired us and guided us, whose help is always so near at hand that we often take it for granted, whose sympathy and cheerfulness are ever-present in spite of such minor calamities as a broken arm or too little copy for Pi. And, in your last year here **at** Westlake, it is only fitting that you should be our "Guest of Honor"—as so you have been through the years—someone to love and admire and honor.

MISS HELEN TEMPLE, MISS CAROL MILLS

More guiders, leaders, friends than "Chaperones"—nevertheless, Miss Mills and Miss Temple have chaperoned us. Through their wisdom and kindness, we have found new pathways toward higher learning. In Physiology and Senior Course—**and** as Senior class adviser—Miss Temple's spirit and warmth are ever-present. Whether teaching Senior English or leading inspiring chapel services, Miss Mills is a source of strength. In leaving, we, the Seniors, want to say—thank you, with our sincerest appreciation, to you, Miss Mills and Miss Temple.

CHAPERONES

MR. AND MRS. SYDNEY A. TEMPLE

A corsage to you, Mr. and Mrs. Temple, our "sponsors," for your gracious dignity while presiding over such traditional events as Revels, for your warm friendliness, for your faith in all that is Westlake, and, particularly, the Student body. A bouquet of respect for your accomplishments, of gratitude for standing by us when we needed you, of thanks and devotion to you, because you, foster parents of each one of us, are, truly, Westlake.

SPONSORS

MISS JEANNE ANDERSON

MISS LULU BREDLOW

MISS LOUISE CARLISLE

The members of the "receiving line" have been a potent inspiration to us this year. Each of them has left indelible memories not only of the subjects they taught, but also of the help and guidance they gave us. We shall always treasure their solemn words on the subject of organization:

"Organize, organize; organize your Westlake work.
If you want to catch the meaning
Of your teachers' daily screaming—
Organize, organize, organize."

We hope that when we return to visit the campus, the scene will not be changed. We hope that Miss Anderson (or will it be Mrs?...) will still be teaching Choral Club, that Miss Bredlow will have the annual's schedule a month ahead, that Miss Carlisle will still be keeping the Vox key, and that Miss Chaney will still remain a staunch upholder of the Dewey Decimal System. We hope that Miss DeGaris' future chemistry classes will have learned how to wash dishes in cold water, that Mrs. McNiece will still be leading cheers at student-faculty games, that Madame Sergeant's classes will have learned the difference between "ought to" and "should," and that Miss Karlsen will still be whizzing from L. A. to Big Bear in her M. G.

RECEIVING LINE

MRS. MILDRED RUSSEL

MISS JULIA MOSER
MRS. CHARLOTTE MORGAN
SENORA OLIVA CONWAY
MRS. HAZEL McNIECE

MRS. SARAH SCHAEFER
MISS MARY PERRINE
MISS MAY KARLSEN
MISS DOROTHY SMITH

RECEIVING

MME. MADELEINE SERGEANT

MISS LOIS MILLS

MISS LOUISE DE GARIS
MME. SIMONE EGAN

MRS. JANE INFIELD
MISS JUNITA VAN BURG

MRS. MARGARET STERETT
MISS AGNES CHANEY

LINE

We expect to see the drama class rehearsing the whole play without a correction from Miss Millard, and the completion of Senora Conway's house. We hope that Mrs. Quinn will not have to attend her morning art classes, that Mrs. Gardner will be taking care of her "babies," and that Mrs. Morgan will still be sympathetic to the seniors' 12:30 headaches. We hope, too, that Miss Van Burg's theory of self-analysis will have been accepted by the entire student body, that Mrs. Schaeffer will still be supplying the Vox staff with doughnuts, that Miss Perrine will have the Seniors' complete co-operation, that Miss Lois Mills will have a sound-proof practice room, that Madame Egan's car will still be in good condition, that Mrs. Infield will have the signout system in perfect working order, and that Mrs. Moser will still be using her "cow-bell" to call the boarders to dinner. We expect to see Mrs. Sterett with Tico perched on her shoulder, and Miss Smith with an over-flowing shorthand class.

MISS GERTRUDE MILLARD

MRS. CECELIA QUINN

MRS. GERTRUDE GARDNER

COMMITTEE MEETINGS

ENGLISH - VAN DER HEIDE, MANKIEWICZ, MISS MILLS, WALLACE

ART - DORN, YOUNG, S. JONES, MRS. QUINN, DILLMAN

FRENCH - MME. SERGEANT, VAN DER HEIDE, KOHNER, MAYER, McCRADY

HISTORY - MYRICK, S. WILLIAMS, ROHRER, STEEVES, MRS. McNIECE

TYPING - HEATH, JACOBS, MISS SMITH

CHEMISTRY - MAYER, KOHNER, MORGAN, TAYLOR

GEOMETRY - JEFFREY, MISS VAN BURG, CHAPMAN

ALUMNAE

MRS. JOHN BOWLES,
president

Every graduating class in the fifty years of our school is a lighted candle on our golden anniversary cake. Each, lighted in the spirit of Westlake, glows from a common heritage of traditions and ideals as kindled by our founders, Miss Vance and Miss de Laguna.

The prime ingredients of the cake are friendships begun in our days together at school, loyalty to Westlake, and a desire to work together in mutual dedication to certain worthwhile aims. These ingredients are blended in the activities of the Alumnae Association, Alumnae Newsletters, a Fall Tea, Valentine Party and Homecoming.

Behold the finished product! Our Alumnae Association. But truly, there is no finished product. For there is constant renewal here and inspiration drawn from the addition each year of a shining new light.

MOTHERS' CLUB

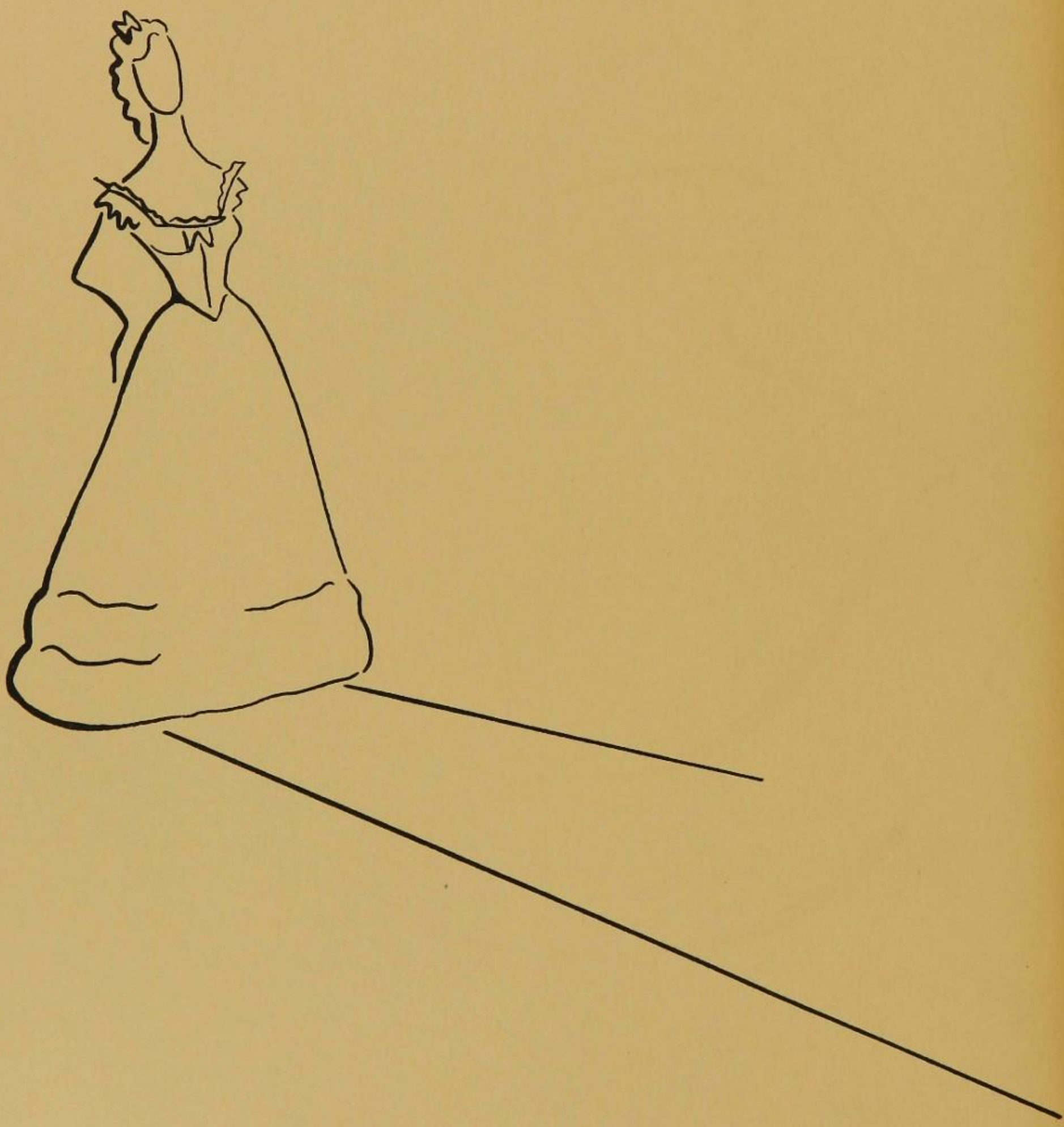
MRS. RICHARD WALLACE
president

The mothers of the Westlake Mothers' Club gave their assistance to two projects: that of helping the Alumnae Association sponsor the Golden Anniversary dinner at the Beverly Hills Hotel on April 22, 1954, and that of purchasing the curtains and draperies for the auditorium. These were used for the first time at the Vespers service.

Two important business meetings were held, to which the mothers of both Lower and Upper Schools came. Organizational matters and routine reporting formed the agenda for the fall meeting, followed by a tea. The spring meeting was a morning session, when plans were made for the Anniversary dinner. Then the children of the Lower School presented a program of original skits, and read essays on the subject of "The Ideal Mother."

IN MEMORIAM

To Molly—for her sincerity, for her cheerful outlook on life, for her kindness and loyalty, for her gentle, warm nature, her spirit of fun, and, above all, for her great courage, we, the Student Body, dedicate this page in Memoriam.



seniors

DEBUTANTES

CLASS OF '54

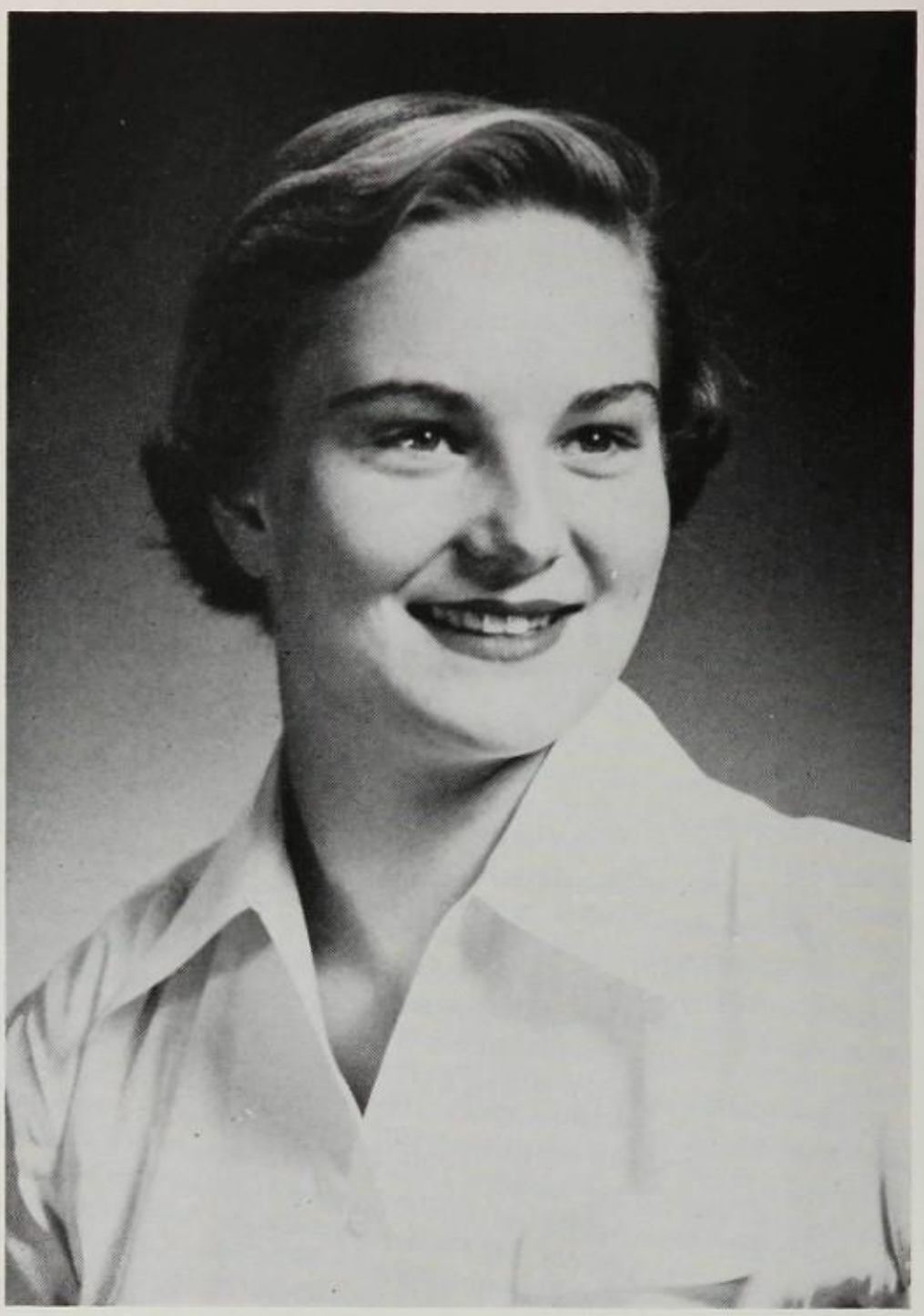
In September of 1950, eighteen happy youngsters, eager for knowledge, started their high school career. Led by Judy Hoffman, eighth grade class President, and entertained at Mary Ann's all-day parties, the Class of '54 was off to a smashing start.

Betty Ann Cave assumed the executive duties in 1951. The class wholeheartedly participated in "Trial By Jury," and the "Hay Hop"—known as the most relaxed dance **ever**—was an overwhelming success.

In 1952, Ellie Mabee was President of the now twenty-seven members of the "mighty black and white." A great interest in sports—which, in later years, declined considerably—arose. Anna and Noel made varsity, while others turned their excess energy to geometry. And then there was that letter to Princeton . . .

In 1953, the Juniors were happily led by Evelyn Dees. Lupita and Trous headed Pi, and Anna and Noel managed the White and Gold teams. The Vamps celebrated their first anniversary. Two down; twenty-two to go.

In 1954, the Seniors—cleverly manipulated by Lupita Kohner—returned to win the Academic Plaque. Anna was a perfect Student Body President, and Louisa made a beautful May Queen. Sad though Poet's Day and Graduation are, the Class of '54 goes on to bigger and better times in the future, leaving to Westlake thanks and love.



As Tala leaves for Finch in September — taking with her her trusty flute, her Senior Course home notebook, and her vast collection of letters — her memories of Westlake and life in the boarding department will be many. We will remember Tala — and her great agility in knitting — as she departs for the East and "those older men." And, of course, the memory of her tremendous portrayal as the dainty mustard-cup bearer in Revels will long be with us.

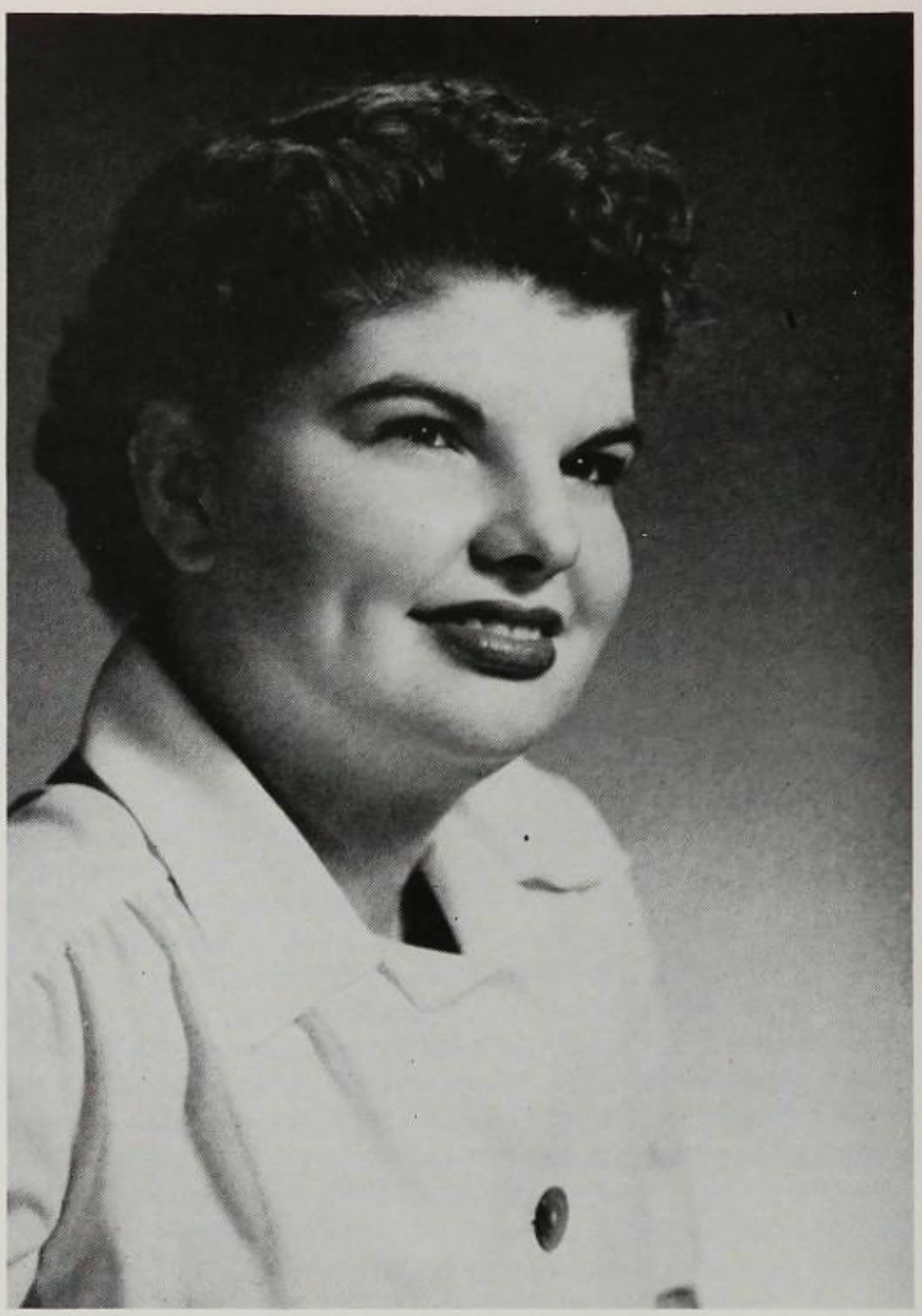
TALA BORCHERDT

student body treasurer

Aside from continual nervous spasms in the Vox room, Fran's life at Westlake over the past three years has been, in her own words, "unbelievable." As Vox literary editor, as senior class cheerleader, in every field in which she has been allowed to graze, she has done remarkably amazing things. And it is plausible that she will continue her revolutionary path at Smith. Perhaps there her dream of transferring Princeton to Northampton will come true.

FRANCES BURNS

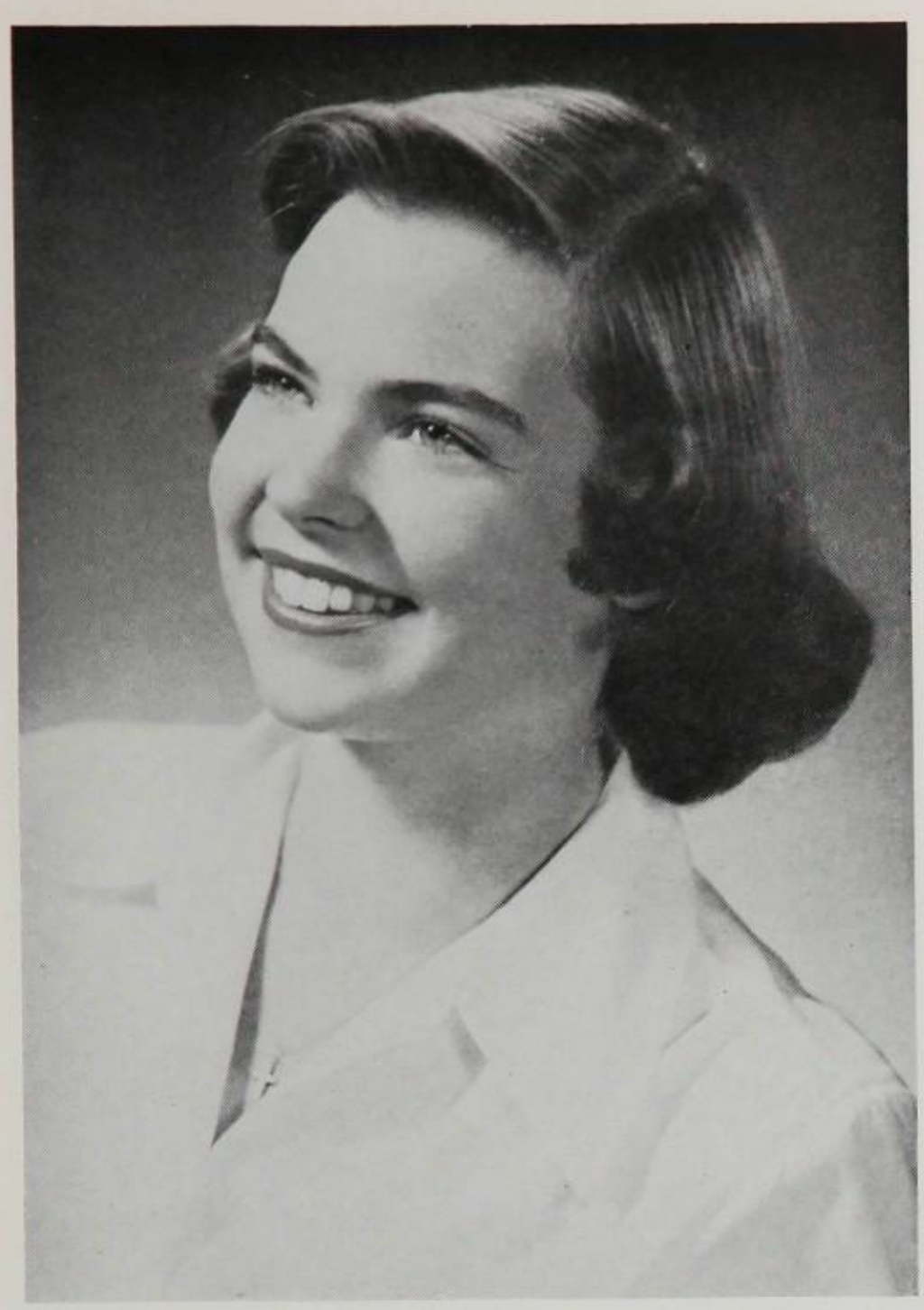
literary editor of vox puellarum



In just her few short months here at Westlake, Judy has become a real and an important part of the mighty "black and white." Her greatest achievement this year was to shed her cast and to purchase a new wardrobe which she can use at U.S.C. next fall. There she will commute in her red Pontiac between E.V.K. and the television department. She takes with her memories of Westlake — Physi on Friday afternoons, those sports periods where she was the only Senior who had a year long valid excuse — and of her thrilling portrayal of the Monk at Revels.

JUDY CULLINGHAM

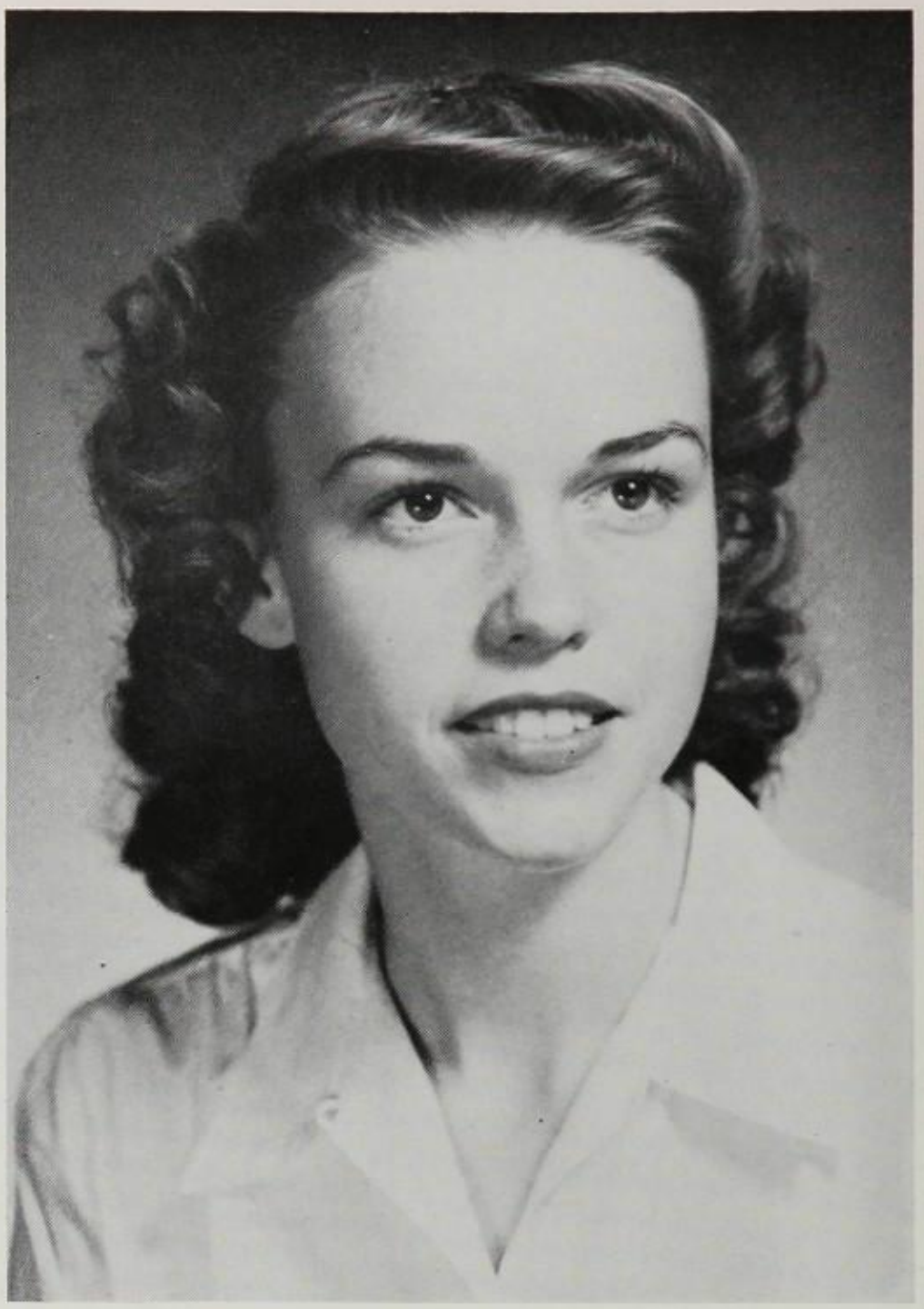
senior class secretary



Her voice weak from pleading for ads, her feet tired from the long walk to school, Sharon will relax in Hawaii during the summer before departing for the University of Arizona. There she will recline among the cacti and the coyotes, storing up enough energy and knowledge so that she can continue her search for a non-caloric hot fudge sundae. And when, at last, this goal has been attained and her happiness is complete, Sharon will retire to her modest 30-room bungalow (as planned in Senior Course), where she will spend the rest of her life methodically completing her diary.

SHARON DISNEY

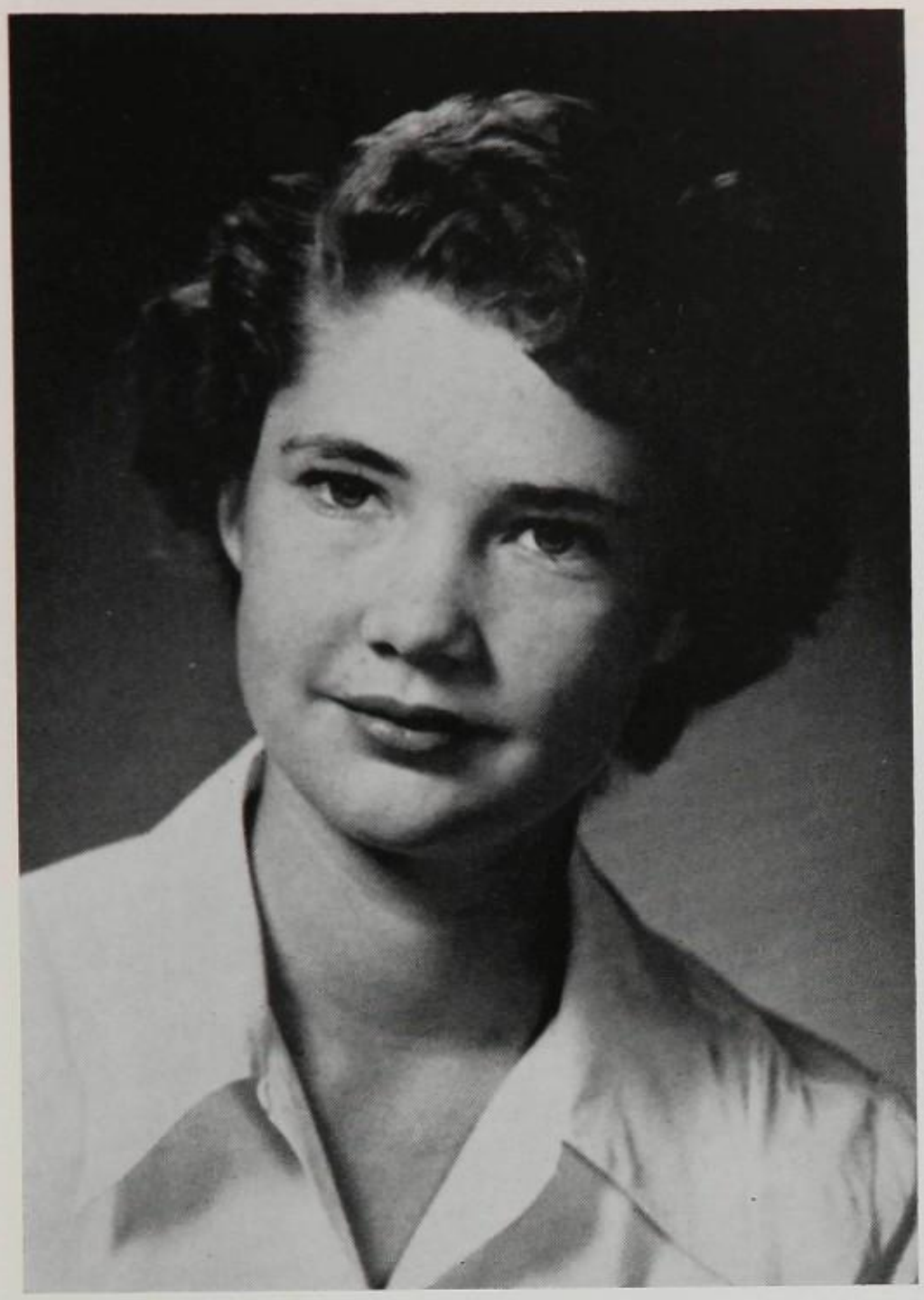
advertising manager of vox puellarum



Taking "the pause that refreshes," Arlis stored up energy in the second semester by sleeping 'til noon and lolling in the sun with an occasional trip to school for chemistry. Next year she will return again, bursting with health and energy, to finish the school year with a bang. Although we'll miss her sparkle and sweet nature, we hope that she'll recover quickly and that we'll see the quietest of the noisy "black and whites" at college.

ARLIS EDGINGTON

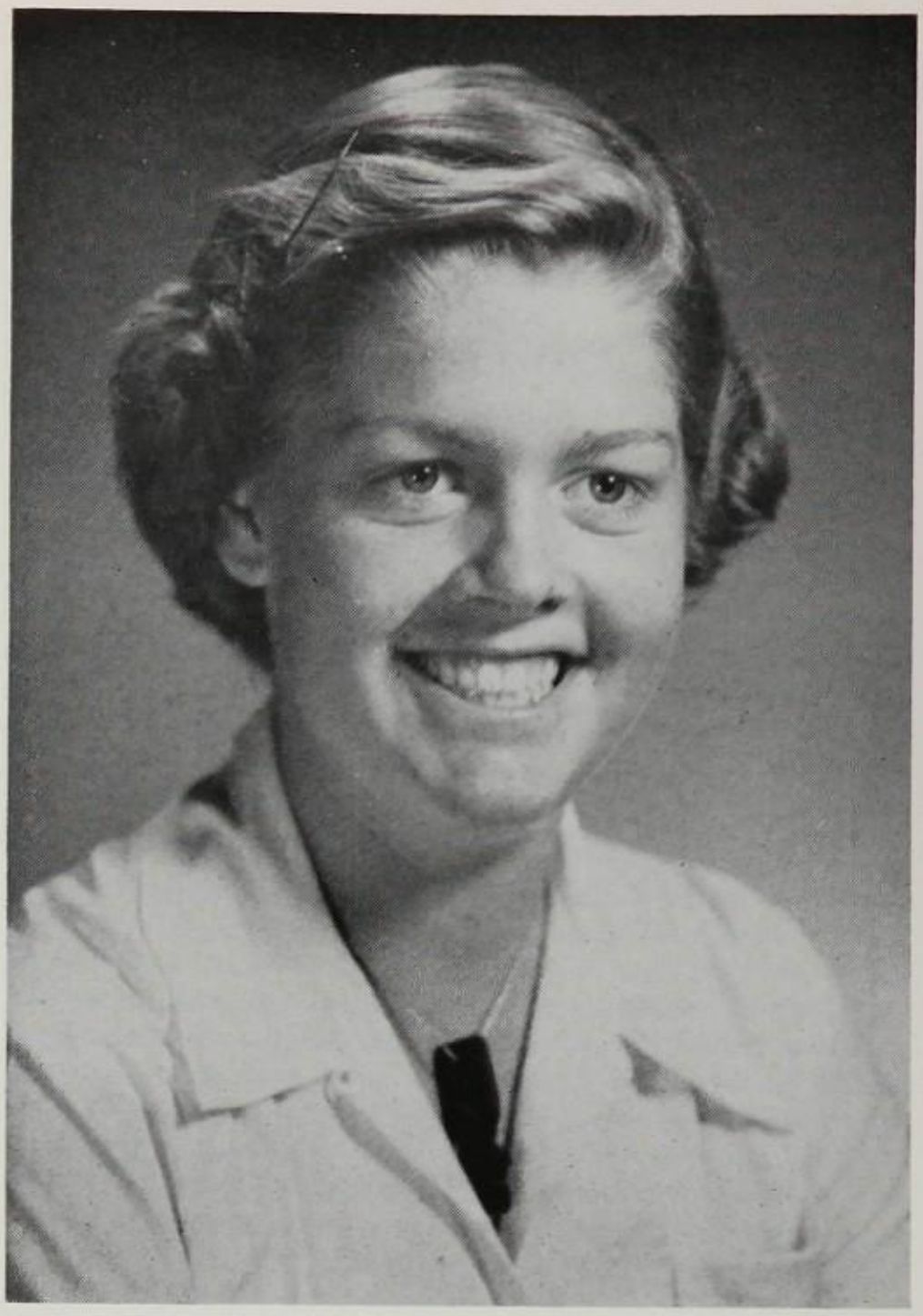
senior council representative



Marilyn — otherwise known as Miss "If There's Anything Wrong With Your Car, I'd Be More Than Happy To Fix It" of 1954 — has contributed much during her seven years at Westlake, perhaps her greatest achievements being the beautifying of Miss Smith's room with her home-grown dandelions and the originating of new and exciting sports excuses. Taking Schwab's candy counter and her shorthand notes with her, Marilyn is off to a summer in Hawaii, before leaving for the University of Arizona in September.

MARILYN JONES

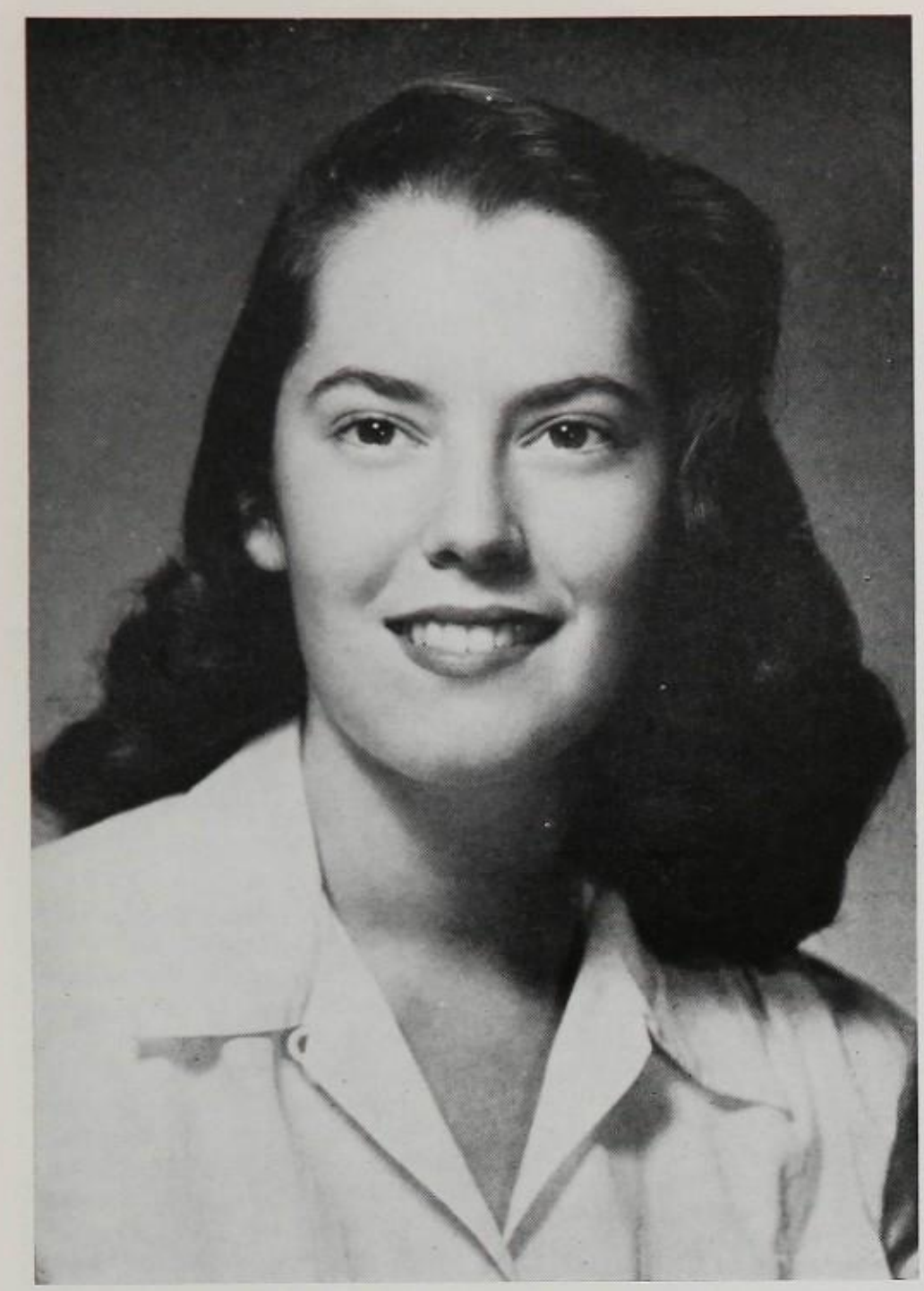
senior class treasurer



Leaving behind her her duties as Athletic Association Secretary and Swim Club President and taking with her memories of athletic honors — especially in horsemanship — and work on the stage crew, Sue Sally will spend the next four years at Davis. There she will major in animal husbandry — which she hopes later to make her career — while having a lot of fun on the side.

SUE SALLY JONES

athletic association secretary



Leaving behind her memories of Senior class meetings conducted in perfect parliamentary procedure, of starring roles in drama presentations, and of an impressive array of honor cards, "the Loop" will go on to bigger and better successes at the Royal Academy in London, after spending the summer in Europe. There, she will partake of crumpets and tea while preparing for her Broadway debut. And, perhaps, by the time she has achieved national acclaim, she will have succeeded in getting her driver's license.

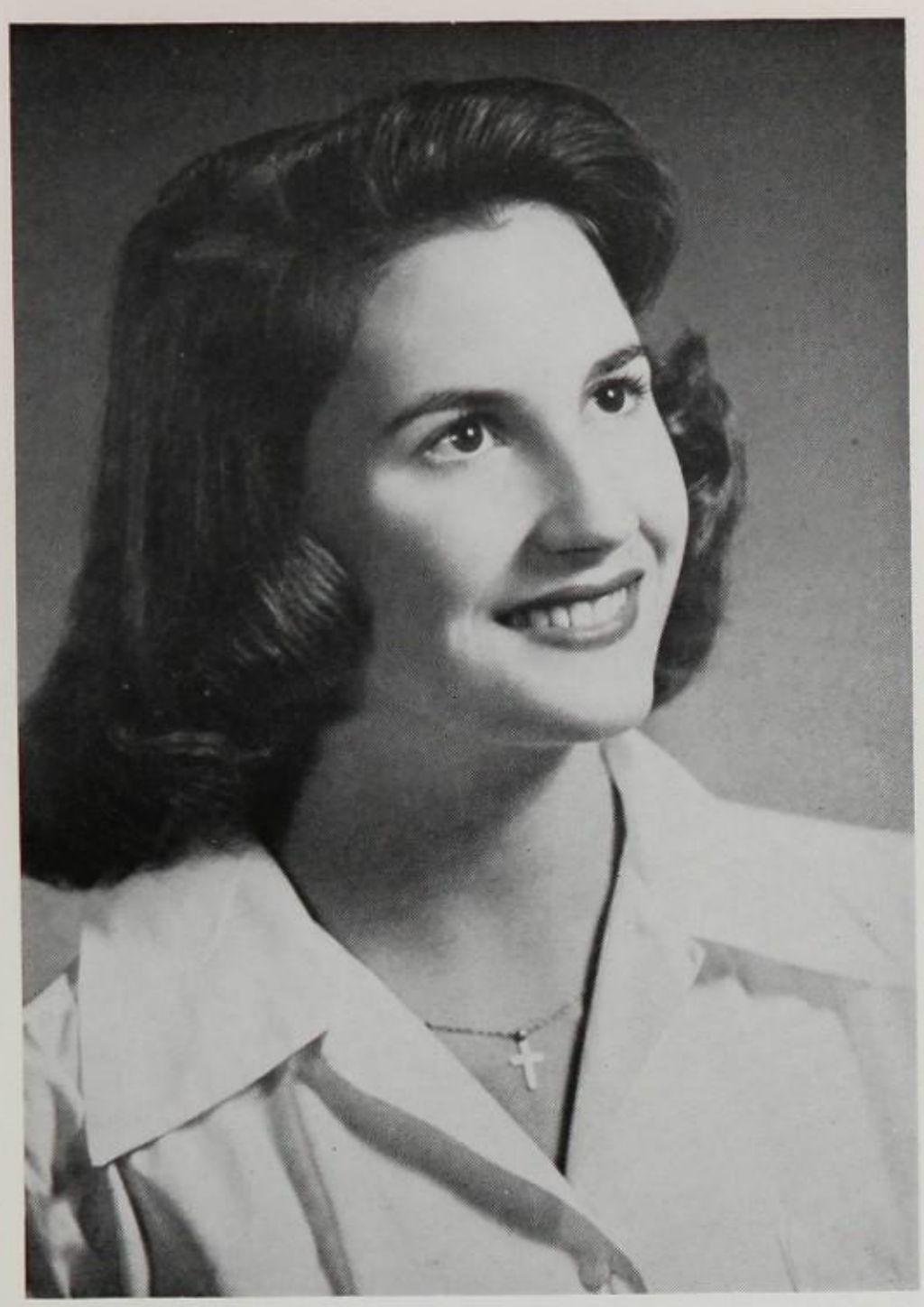
LUPITA KOHNER

senior class president

As Student Court Chairman, Maggie has done a really good job this year. A sterling example of perfect behavior, she has put through many radical changes in the keeping of misdemeanors — such as the losing of them. Aside from her extra-curricular activities — the most important of which is keeping a constant look-out on a certain gas station — Maggie's main interest is the field of journalism in which she will major at U.C.L.A.

MARGARET McCRADY

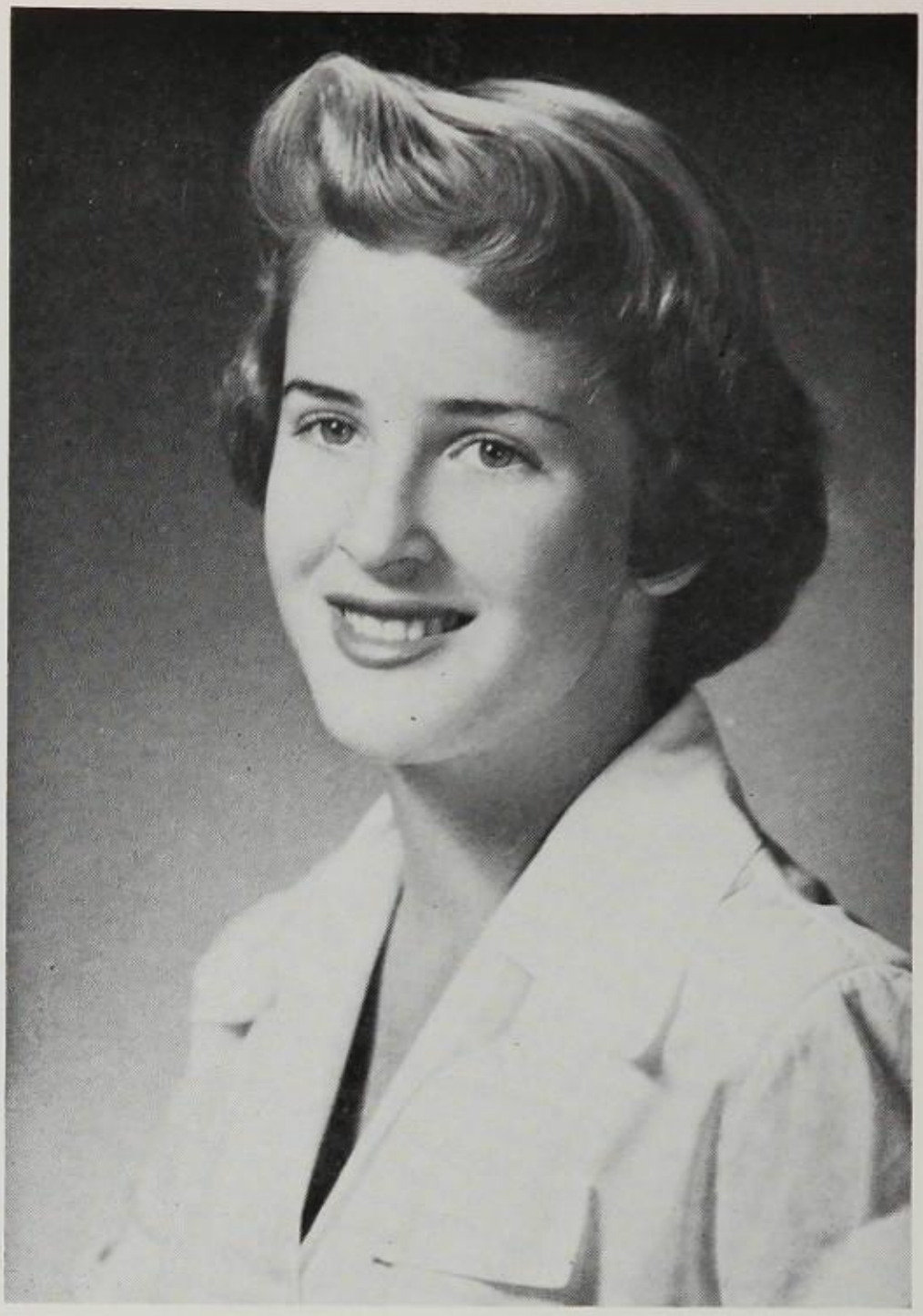
student court chairman



Ellie — her blue car, her speeding tickets, and her strange attraction to those Beverly High graduates — will long be remembered at Westlake. Her offices, including Sophomore Class President and Senior Class Vice-president, have all been part of her life during her four years at Westlake. She plans to spend the next four years at U.S.C.— majoring in education — where she will continue to have surprise parties. (Look, who's surprised!!)

ELEANOR MABEE

senior class vice-president



A Lautrec poster clutched in her hand, her "Adlai For Me" button pinned to her Bermuda shorts, and her extensive collection of Freud's works in her suitcase, Josie will invade Wellesley next fall. Her memories of her eight years at Westlake will be many — memories of frenzied work on Vox, of endless notes from Miss Bredlow, of R.O.T.C. practice at noon on the Senior Lawn, of long, happy hours on the sports field. However strong her attachment to Westlake, she has with great difficulty, reconciled herself to spending the next four years within walking distance of Harvard and M.I.T.

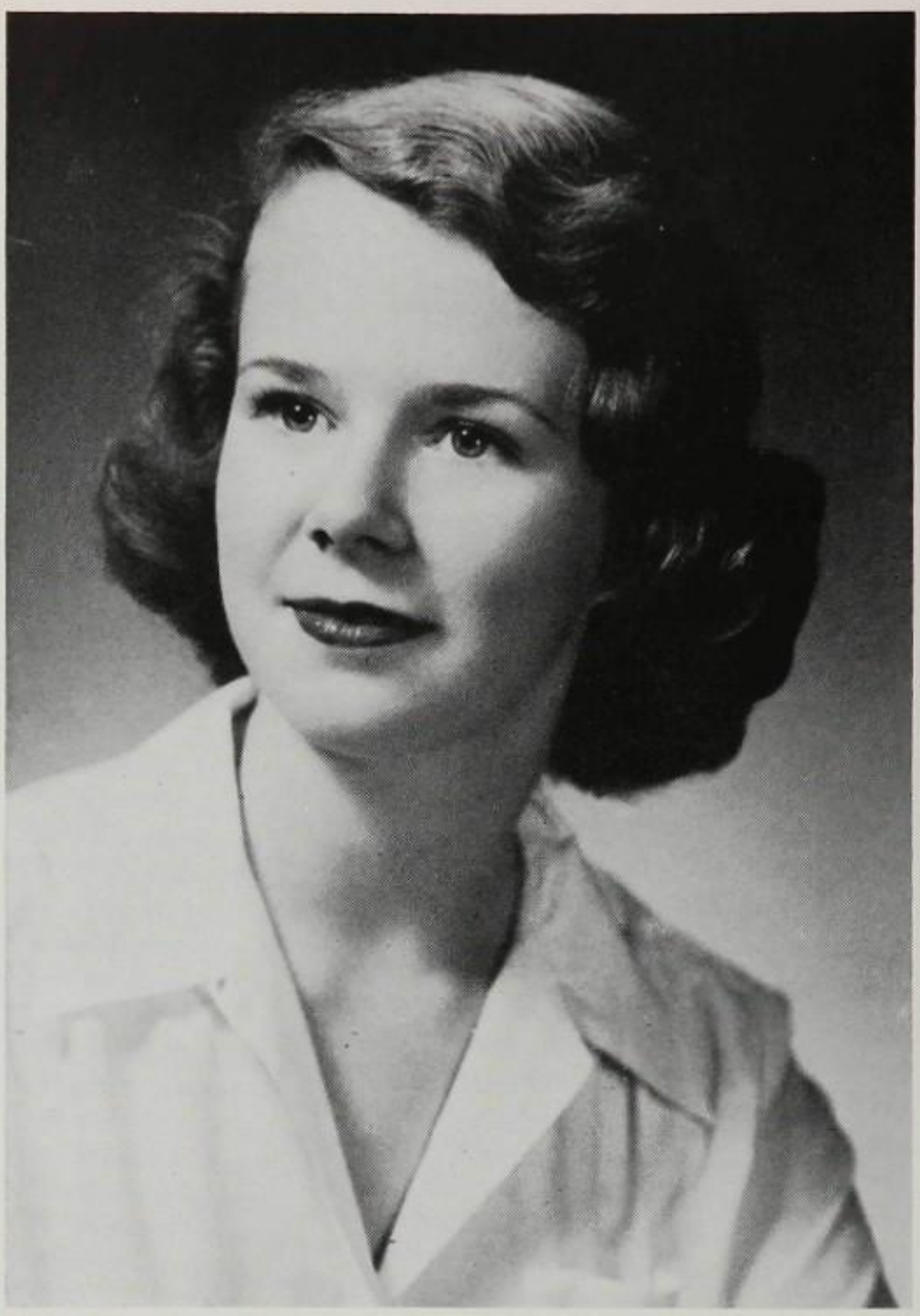
JOHANNA MANKIEWICZ

editor-in-chief of vox puellarum

Complete with amateur photography equipment, her book on "Helpful Hints As to the Best Way To Raise Money," and that gold ring from J. A., Susie will enter college next fall. Leaving behind her echoes in the Westlake halls of "Yes, dear" and pleas for "just fifty cents for the Red Cross," she will take with her memories of student body meetings, of multitudinous swimming parties, and of the tremendous generosity of the Westlake student body.

SUZANNE MAYER

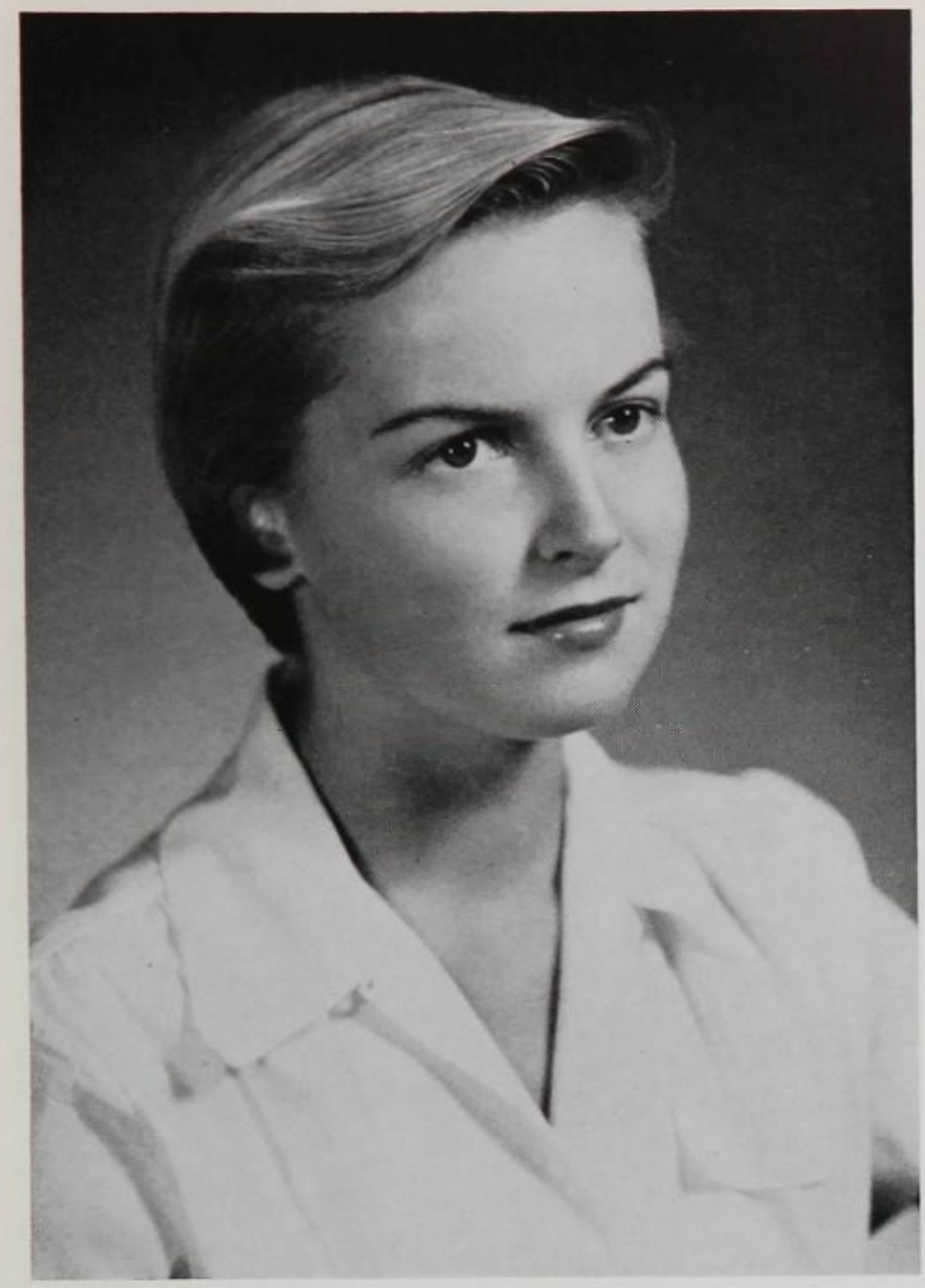
student body vice-president



In the past nine years, Lynne's life at Westlake has been—like her role in the "Infanta"—"Fantastic." Whether as head of the Proctor's Committee or as Senior Class Treasurer, Lynne has been a helpful and wonderful part of Westlake. After spending a summer in Europe, Lynne will enter U.S.C. where she will major in drama, while alloting some of her time to Dave.

LYNNE MORGAN

senior class treasurer



Petey — continually dieting with an occasional piece of cake, in a different hair style every week, leader of the Ann Fogarty craze — has had lots of fun during her three years here at Westlake. She will, however unhappily, relinquish her duties as Student Body Secretary, as she prepares to make the big move to U.C.L.A. There she will divide her time between a major in education, skiing — the Matterhorn, if possible — and her life-time study of the habits of Hawks.

DIANE PETERSON

student body secretary

As House President, Karen did a wonderful job this year. Dividing her time between the knitting of strange socks and her fanatic reading of "Dennis the Menace," Karen's life has been a busy one. As she leaves for Long Beach State College in September, her memories of Westlake's boarding department will be of a neat, orderly, quiet (?) dorm — practically all due to her excellent leadership.

KAREN PETRI

house president

During her four years at Westlake, Noel has contributed a great deal to the school in current events — as winner of the "Time" award, — in sports — as Gold Team Captain, — and in leadership — as Athletic Association President. She also wins the somewhat distinguished honor of being the only person able to get **all** the Seniors out on the sportsfield. As the Golden Bear's most fervent rooter, she will, no doubt, prove as great a success at U.C.L.A. as she most certainly was at Westlake.

NOEL RUHBERG

athletic association president

During Claudette's three years here at Westlake, she has aquired many happy memories of "fun-sie" times in the physiology room, of her starring role in one of the senior plays, of her duties as head of the Uniform Committee. And as she departs for Scripps in "Cinebar", she will be accompanied by trunkfuls of B.F.'s letters, several pairs of long, black gloves, and a year's supply of white shoe polish.

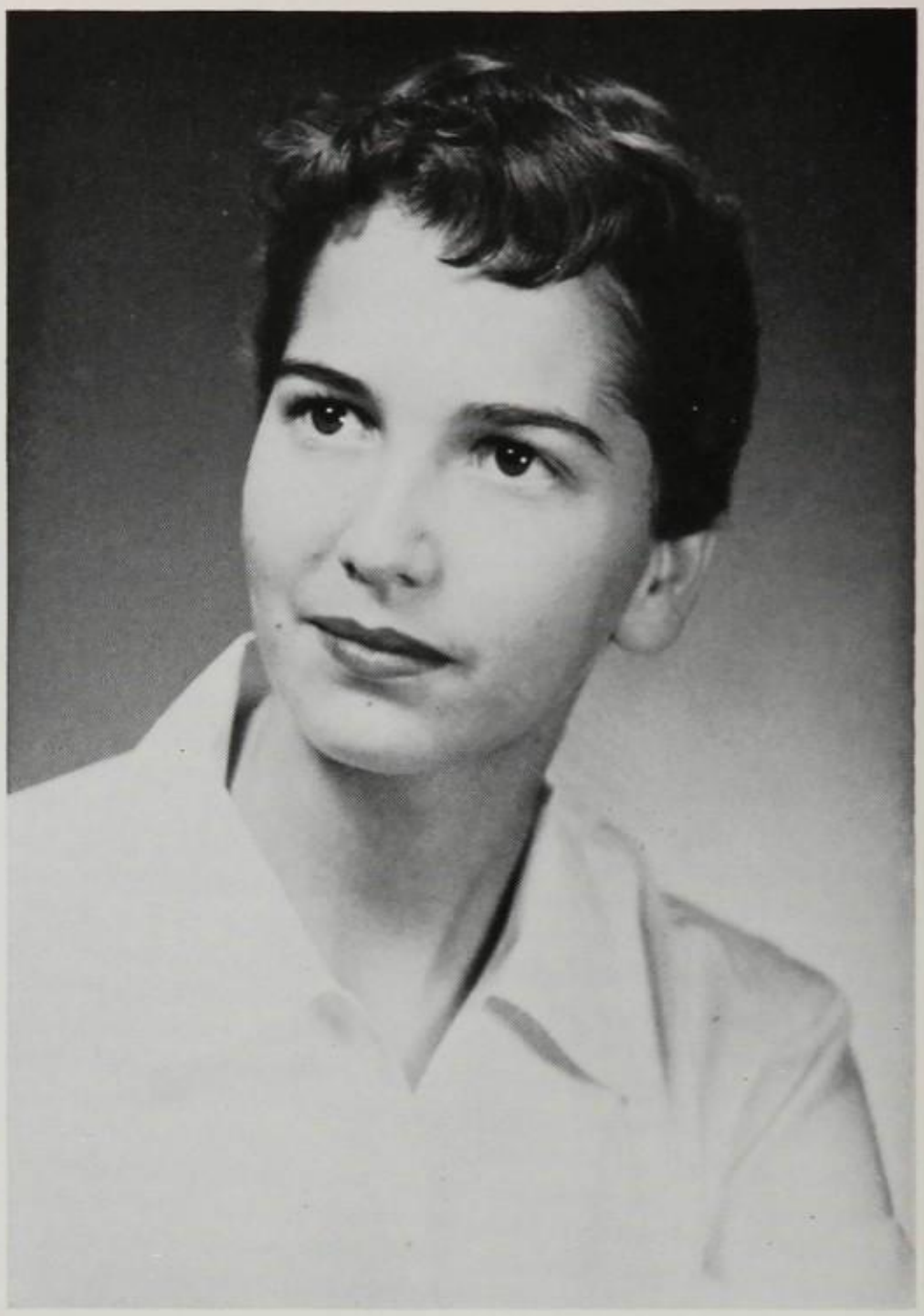
CLAUDETTE SELAK

senior class vice-president

As Photography Editor of Vox, as Business Manager of Pi, as Senior Council Representative, Carole Ann has done a wonderful job. At U.C.L.A. next September, she will major in medicine, greatly aided by her tremendous accuracy and neatness. And, perhaps, by the time of the fiftieth anniversary of our graduation, Dr. Taylor will honor us with her views on skiing.

CAROLE ANN TAYLOR

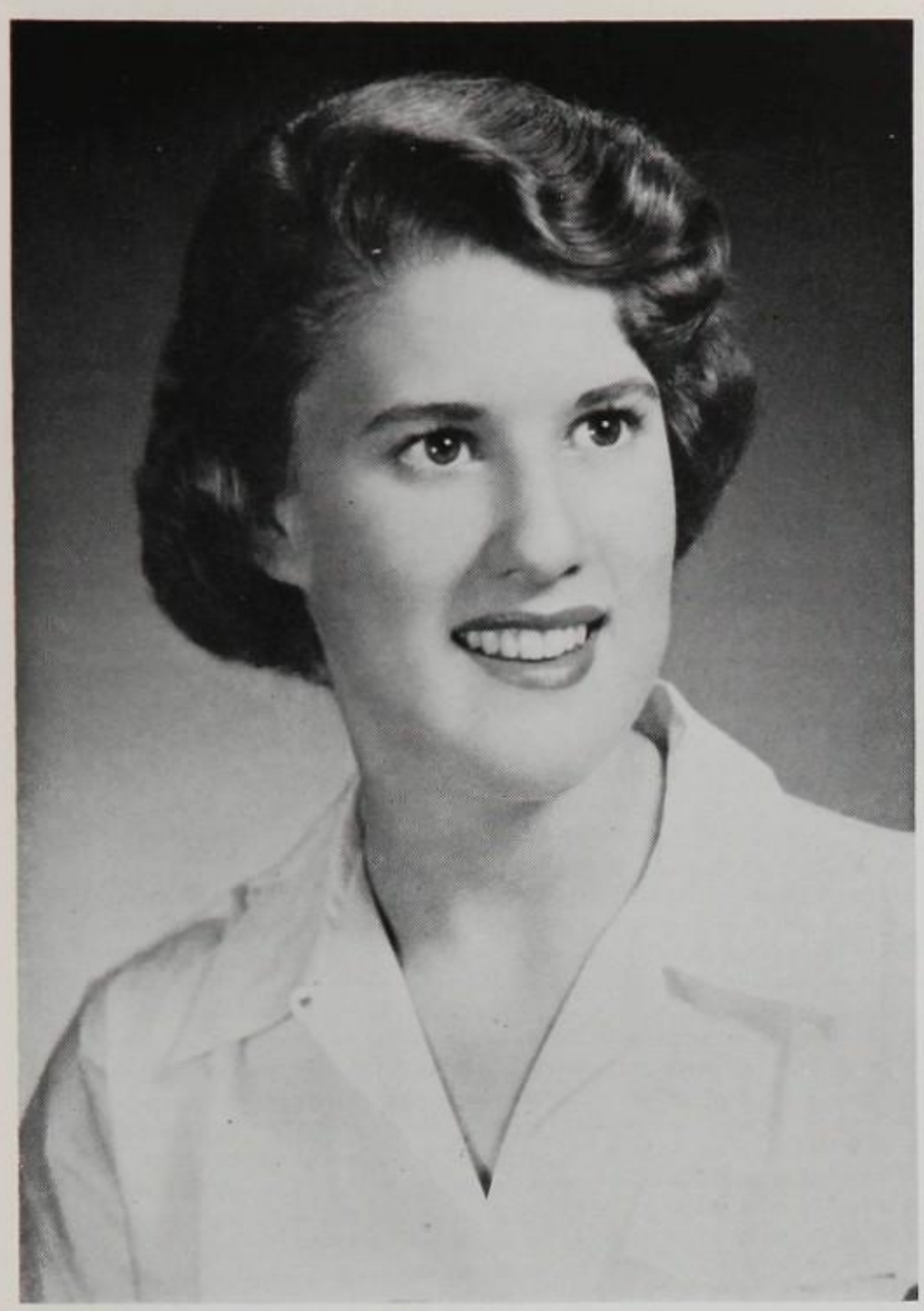
photography editor of vox puellarum



Dark, slim Lucille — or Cindy, as she is known to her fellow-boarders — will leave for Briarcliff in September taking with her the roll book she used as Senior Class Secretary and the short hair-cut we all envied. Her life at Westlake has been a happy one — full of memories of hysterical evenings in the dorm and that rush to chapel. All in all, Lucille's past two years have been wonderful ones — an experience she wouldn't have missed!

LUCILLE THAGARD

senior class secretary



Her drama and choral experience, and eight years at Westlake behind her, "Trous" will quench her thirst for knowledge at U.S.C. There, she will exchange her black and white allegiance for the maroon and gold, while majoring in education. Her able management of the business end of Vox and her remarkable self-control in all "difficult" situations remain some of Mary Ann's great achievements at Westlake. And, of course, the well-known Trousdale-creed—"A new car each day keeps boredom away"—will long be remembered.

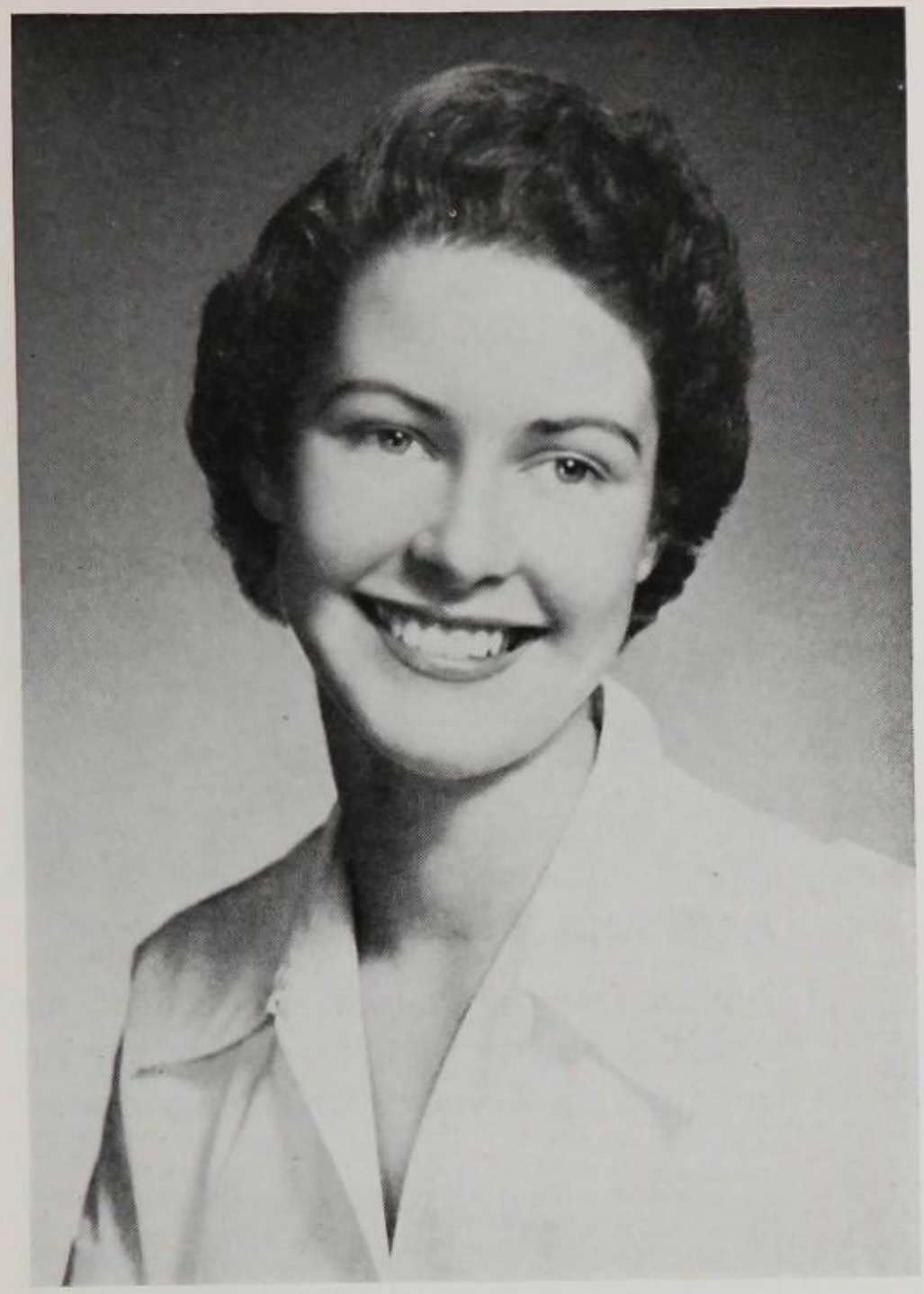
MARY ANN TROUSDALE

business manager of vox puellarum

In her six years at Westlake, Anna's offices have ranged from seventh grade class secretary to White Team Captain and, finally, Student Body President. Her extra-curricular activities, too — among them drama, choral, piano, violin, tennis, and prolonged visits to Cal Tech — have been many and varied. But to those of us who know her well — ah, so well — Anna will be remembered for that tremendous tenacity of purpose and spirit behind her every move. And so, while Westlake loses a leader, Wellesley gains a follower — of Harvard.

ANNA VAN DER HEIDE

student body president



During her twelve years at Westlake, Louisa accomplished much — among her finest achievements the organizing of the D.O.O.L. (Dejected Ones of Love) Club, in which practically the entire Senior class were members. Her art work on Vox, her energetic participation in all sports activities, her happy relationship with all members of the Senior class — these will be among her fondest memories. At Wellesley, perhaps Louis Armstrong will be replaced by Beethoven, and from there, Lou may see her most suppressed desire come true — the hanging of her mobile in the Louvre.

LOUISA WALLACE

art editor of vox puellarum

LUCILLE THAGARD — the waltz

Graceful and dreamy . . . Our Gibson Girl in blue . . . Gliding feet across the ballroom . . . Aufwiedersehen, Lucille.

MARY ANN TROUSDALE — the hula

Typical, Tropical Trous . . . Steel guitar and swaying palm . . . Grass skirts . . . The Southsea samba . . . Aloha, Mary Ann.

BELLES OF THE BALL

FRANCES BURNS — the new yorker

Let's have a little traveling music . . . Manhattan melodies mixed with the Charleston . . . Frannie is on her way.

JOHANNA MANKIEWICZ—the interpreter

New sounds . . . Neurotic movements and unbelievable expressions . . . Chain reaction to the rhythmic beat . . . It's only Jo.

LOUISA WALLACE—the jitterbug

Jazz at the Lighthouse . . . There's no one like Satchmo . . . Blues to ballads . . . You're gone, Lou.

CLAUDETTE SELAK—the tango

Exotic rhythm in a Latin style . . . Long black gloves . . . High heels click with castanets . . . Adios, Claudette.

The time has come, we're glad to say,
When all good Seniors must not delay
In bringing you the latest report
About our favorite sport — ditching.

Oh joy supernal, can it be
That such a simple class as we
Has almost made it through the year?
And now that jolly day is here!

Alas, poor underclassmen, you're left behind,
But do not think us too unkind,
For our feverish brains lose all their zest
Unless we indulge in this much-needed rest.

So gather your goodies while you may
Dear Juniors, now's your time to play.
We've left you just ever so many toys
That will add to your incessant noise.

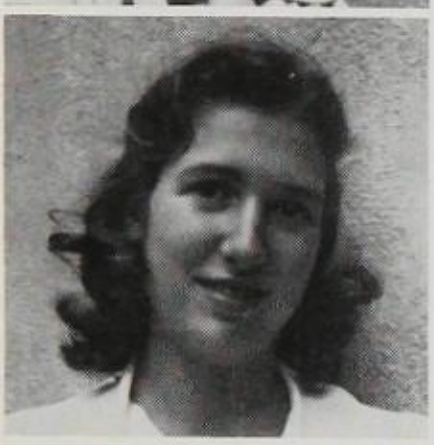
And away we go to the Desert Air,
As for homework and classes — we don't care.
We'll swim and sun and probably burn,
And if it's too much fun, we may not return!

Tell us,
Are you jealous?

INTERMISSION

DESERT AIR HOTEL

DIOS AMIG



SENIOR

I . . .

TALA BORCHERDT, hereby leave my love problems to my junior, Daphne Myrick.

FRANCES BURNS, being of infantile mind and tremendous body, hereby leave my ability to get upset to anyone in need of a nervous breakdown.

JUDY CULLINGHAM, hereby leave my many years at Westlake to any new senior.

SHARON DISNEY, being of simple mind and fat body, do hope to leave my extra fifteen pounds to my junior, Marilyn Locke, or to anyone else who may desire it.

MARILYN JONES, being of weak mind and muscled body, hereby leave to Sue Williams my senior privileges, and three more wonderful years at Westlake to Lynn Meyer.

SUE SALLY JONES, being of weak mind and body, hereby leave my swimming cap and loon beak to my junior, Marilyn Gratiot, and the best of luck to my freshmen, D.D. and C.S.

LUPITA KOHNER, hereby leave to all succeeding drama classes any excess tears left after my tragic scenes.

MARGARET McCRADY, losing mind and body, hereby leave to Debby Daves my inability to think before I act, and to Mrs. Quinn, my nerve pills.

ELEANOR MABEE, leave half of my numerous collection of traffic tickets to my junior, Shari Dennis, and the other half to my grand-junior, Camille Cannan.

JOHANNA MANKIEWICZ, being of warped mind and nervous construction, hereby leave to Mrs. Quinn, many more quiet, solitary fifth periods, my thanks for the lambchops to Susan Cord, and that green corduroy jacket—and contents—to Chatty.

WILL

SUZANNE MAYER, being of neither mind nor body, hereby leave as I entered—through the gate.
LYNNE MORGAN, being of questionable mind, hereby leave my meetings with Robert to Daphne. Good luck!
KAREN PETRI, hereby leave my long fingernails to my freshman, Georgann Strebe, and to Miss Smith, some bookkeeping paper.
DIANE PETERSON, of the more noble group, hereby leave my portable brain to my junior, Sugi Lyddy, with a warning of poor reception in the physiology room.
NOEL RUHBERG, hereby leave to Miss DeGaris and the chemistry hall of fame, my ability to spell, and to my junior, Bev Bell, and my freshmen, C.C. and T.W., my love of sports.
CLAUDETTE SELAK, leave imbedded on the walls of the Physie room the statement that bears bitter fruit with Miss T.—"I don't know."
CAROLE ANN TAYLOR, being of unsound mind and feeble body, leave my notes from Miss Bredlow and my trips to Snow Valley to my juniors, Peggy and Diane.
LUCILLE THAGARD, hereby leave Westlake to Lea and Sally.
MARY ANN TROUSDALE, hereby leave to my junior, Laurie Rohrer, my terrific brain, and to my freshman, Cathy Crosby, our religious meetings.
ANNA VAN DER HEIDE, of just body, leave peace to Madame, my adventures in Ojai to Jeff, and my amazing ability in algebra to Lulu.
LOUISA WALLACE, being of impotent mind and novel body, hereby leave my spastic ingenuity to Sybil Chappellet, and to Linda Schreiber, the remains of our unsolved male problem, hoping that by next year, she will have achieved a satisfactory answer.

THE LAST

LUPITA KOHNER
class president

Third Row — BORCHERDT, MANKIEWICZ, PETRI, VAN DER HEIDE, MABEE, SELAK, PETERSON, RUHBERG. **Second Row** — CULLINGHAM, DISNEY, TROUSDALE, TAYLOR, MAYER, BURNS, MORGAN. **First Row** — KOHNER, WALLACE, M. JONES, McCRADY, THAGARD, S. JONES. **Absent** — EDGINGTON.

DANCE

"After the ball is over" go the words to that old song. And for us, today, the dance is finished, the pattern broken. For with graduation, a new door is opened, a new life begun.

To us, the graduating class of 1954, this marks our entrance into that new world—a place besought by turmoil, unsettled, weary. Leaving the shelter of Westlake's love and protection behind us, we move into other friendships, other realms. Necessarily, this change will be hard, perhaps even painful, for we leave, too, the memories of childhood—that wonderful time so quickly gone.

Yet, although this security of Westlake is behind us, we go on steadily, confident in the knowledge that we are ready for this new life. For Westlake has given us the background for this change—a background of happiness and love.

So, upon receiving her diploma, each member of this, the "anniversary class," graduates—as all other Westlake graduates before her—happily, importantly, sadly. She'll continue on the path that has been laid down for her, pausing, perhaps once or twice, to turn to see the towers of Westlake behind her—forever standing as a monument, as an inspiration.

Yes, the strains of the music are fading now, mingling into the past. The stardust and memories remain; the dance is over.

underclassmen

SUB-DEBS

UNDERCLASSMEN

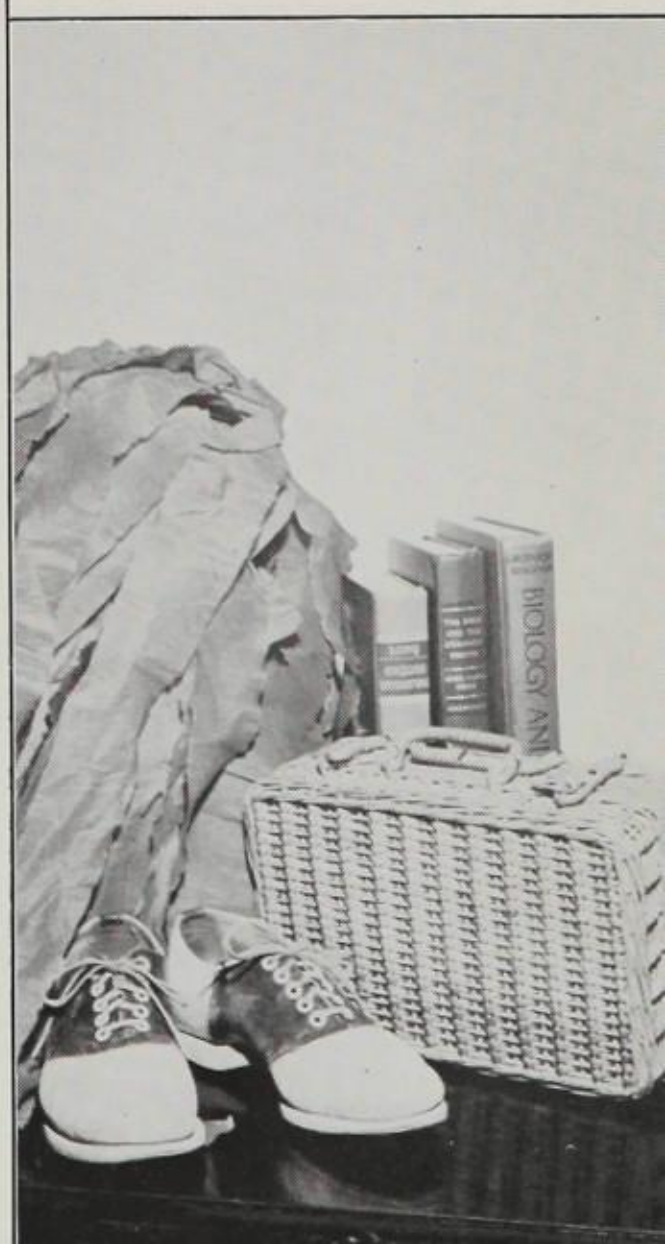
Last September, Miss Mills began many English classes by saying, "In just five minutes, you will be walking up the platform to receive your diplomas."

To us, the class of '54, the year has passed as quickly as if it had been just five minutes. It has gone, but memories of it remain: memories of the dash to chapel, lunch on the "Senior Lawn," class games and parties, Senior English made memorable by Miss Mills, Miss Temple pouring her boundless energy into all of our activities, "the mighty Black and White," and you, the underclassmen.

Westlake has been a part of our lives. And you are a very important part of Westlake. To quote Miss Mills again, "You people are Westlake."

You have worked with us, laughed with us, and encouraged us. We have felt your terrific enthusiasm, and spirit. As we leave, we would like to say thank-you for the times you've helped us, and for all the things you've done to make our Senior year so wonderful.

The Seniors



CLASS OF '55

LUCILLE CAPRA
class president

The ambition of the Sub-debs in the class of '55 is to make their next year as Seniors as successful, as enjoyable, and as inspiring as this year has been. For, "chaperoned" by Madame Sergeant, and capably led by Lulu Capra as class president, the Juniors have been preparing for their responsibilities as Seniors.

Along with the work there has been plenty of fun. "Coke day" provided a time and place for the girls to meet with boys from near-by schools, and was one of the main sources of funds for the Junior-Senior Prom—dance of the year.

With many happy memories and experiences we advance at last to take our place as Seniors.

MARILYN LYDDY

LEA ROHR

PADDY LOU PAYNE

CONNIE BYINGTON
SHARI DENNIS
PEGGY MILLER

MARILYN LOCKE
SUSIE STEEVES
DAPHNE MYRICK

BEVERLY BELL
LAURIE ROHRER
MARILYN GRATIOT

CHATTY COLLIER
DIANE NYSTROM
SUE WILLIAMS

JENNIFER HOPKINS
JEPHTA PIATIGORSKY
ELLEN THOMAS

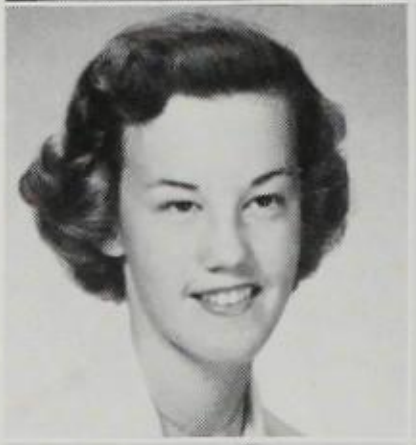
WENDY PRICE
SALLY ARKUSH
SYBIL CHAPPELLET

LYN EDGINGTON
JEANNE YOUNG
SHARON BALDWIN

CAMILLE CANNAN
CHRISTINE PARKER
ELLEN DORN

KRISTINA FEE
SIGRID BANZHAF
CHRISTINE PETER

LYNDA JEFFREY
DIANA MOON
PAMELA ANDRUS



CORRIN STREBE
ALYCE ARCHAINBAUD
EDITH SMALLBERG

SUSAN JENSEN
CHERYL SOUTHWELL
GAIL KENASTON

CLASS OF '56

We, the "Mighty Thirty", have had a most successful year under the inspiring leadership of Melissa and the guiding hand of Miss Perrine. The opening party with the traditional colors, purple and white, and "Kangie" started the year. The struggles with geometry and the many dates and letters from Webb and Harvard filled our days. We were well represented at Honor Dinner and on the sports field. We have also been helping hands on Vox and Pi. The biggest thrill of the year was our dance "La Vie En Rose".

MELISSA BODINE
class president

SALLY NEWCOMBE
MARY KAY IRWIN
MARTHA JO LEWIS

LINDA SCHREIBER
ANN CHAPMAN
DONNA WALLACE

SYLVIA WELLER
ANNE WATKIN
CATHERINE PERRY

SALLY HANSCOM
DEBORAH KATES
PHINIE WHEELWRIGHT

CLASS OF '57

DIANA DILLMAN
class president

Freshman Initiation formally marked for us, the class of '57, our entrance into the high school and the beginning of a wonderful school year.

Our class advisor, Miss Bredlow, and our class President, Diana Dillman, helped us in countless ways to build a record of high academic achievement and class spirit.

Highlights of the year were Westlake, Harvard, and Webb Dances, and ice skating and swimming parties given by members of the class.

CYNTHIA JACOBS
ANN ENGLAND
GEORGANN STREBE
SANDRA NASH
LAURIE ANN GREEN

CATHY CROSBY
SALLY EHLERS
MELINDA JOHNSON
PHILIPPA LAY
CYNTHIA WILLIAMS

LYNNE MEYER
SUSAN CORD
ELEANOR CARLSON
CHRISTINE WARTMAN
CONNIE CHAMBERLIN

SUSAN BINGHAM
BARBARA BRITTINGHAM
BRENDA HUFF
CATHY WYLER
HANNAH PEDERSON

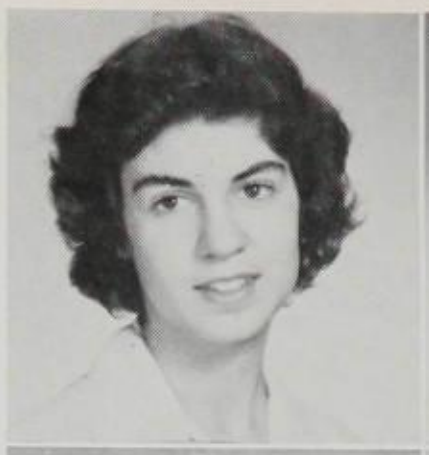
JOAN KNOUF
MARIAN LYRIS
ANDRELLE FRY
CHERILYN BOLANDER
JUDY PIER

KITTY WELLMAN
CYNTHIA STOCKSICK
STEPHANIE CLEMENS
MARY ALICE WHEELON
ROSEMARY HEATH

KATE HANRAHAN
ELIZABETH NORTH
SONYA GANCZ
TOWNSEND KEMP
BOBBIE MABEE

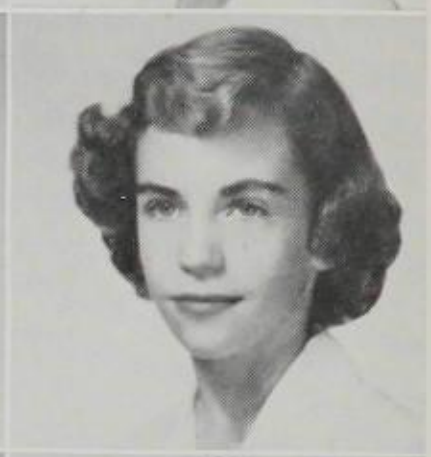
VICKI CURTI

DEBBY DAVES



SANDRA VALE

JERE DIXON

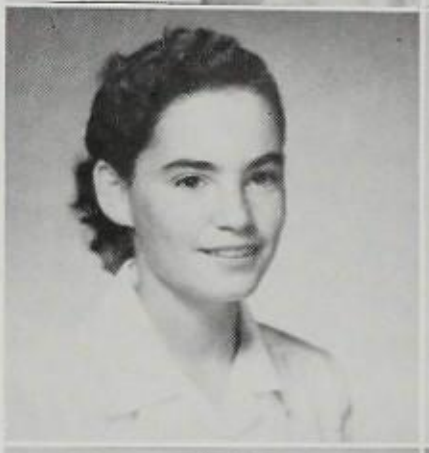


CAROL LYNN HAMMOND

SHELLY RENO

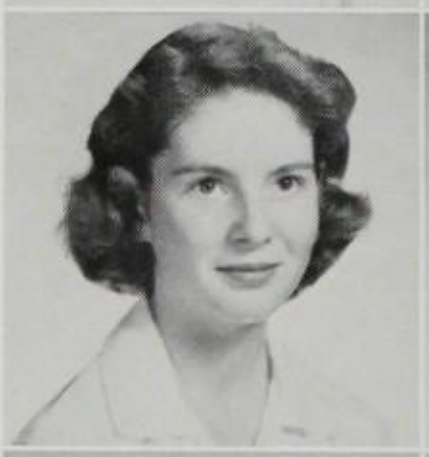
NANCY KAUFMAN

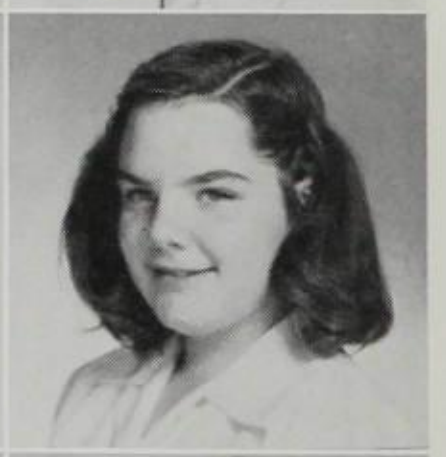
JUDY LANG



FRANCES LAY

PAMELA LANGE





SUSAN MAC MURRAY

PAT STULTZ

CLASS OF '58

SHARON ASTON
class president

Since the opening tea last September, it is hard to believe that in such a short time we have accomplished so much.

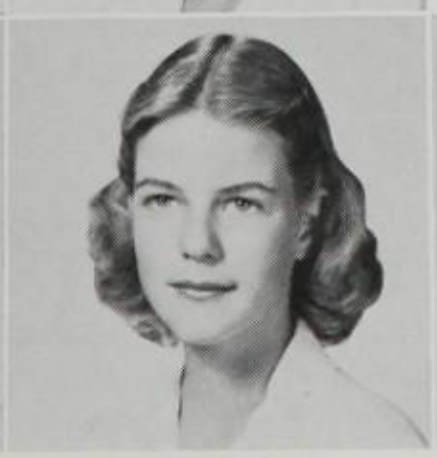
We have elected Sharon Aston our class president, and other class officers, and we have begun to take an active part in student government. At the Color Tea, we were chosen to be on the Gold and White teams, and we participated in many school games.

Now, as we end our eighth grade year with a vote of thanks to our advisor, Miss Karlsen, we look forward to four more successful years as members of the Westlake high school.

DANIELLE MAGANA

JANNA MANNING

LYNNE WASSERMAN



VIVIAN VON HAGEN

ANN FULTON

MRS. JANE JOHNS

School began with a rush this September, with ten new girls, new faces, and new work. The seventh grade has been a busy class. We have had many field trips and projects galore—letters to Mia our orphan —a cake sale to raise money for a movie —the making of the backdrop and headdresses for our "Hiawatha" assembly—and, for history, collecting books about our favorite country. Parties! Parties! The formal dance at the California Military Academy was a memorable occasion.

CLASS OF '59

Third Row — McWILLIAMS, DAVIDSON, JEVNE, KOENNECKE, DANIELSON, SHEPPARD, THOMPSON, OLSON, NICOLOSI. **Second Row** — REED, ASTAIRE, PRICE, FULLER, CONROY, CRAIG, LEE. **First Row**—EDDY, P. JOHNSON, BERRIEN, C. JOHNSON, STRAITH.

We remember: Early morning nature walks, our "Plant, Don't Pick" wild-flower garden, our intriguing tropical aquarium, how some of us became rock hounds, diagrams in English! Oh, well, "Whistle While You Work!" We recall illustrating our conservation booklets, our fun at sports, our singing for assemblies, and our picnic at Ferndell.

We have laughed often and learned much.

MRS. LILLIAN STABLER

CLASS OF '60

Third Row — WHEELON, BINGHAM, GRAHAM, JORGENSEN, TRILLING, MANNING, BURNS, WYLER. **Second Row** — LERNER, CRAWFORD, CALDWELL, MEEK, PITTMAN, DAVID, BERRIEN. **First Row** — FRANZMAN, WRATHER, SCHWEGLER, JEVNE, HILTY.

MRS. LILLIAN WALSH

CLASS OF '61

Do vocabularies indicate academic progress? Let's eavesdrop on the fifth grade. What do we hear? Antonyms, hemisphere, composer, hydroelectricity, introduction, latitude, dividend, synonym, taxation, quotient, punctuation, colonial, decimal, equator, proteins, and "quelle heure est-il?"

We listen again. Do vocabularies indicate social growth? Golden Rule, cake sale profit, Valentine party, democracy, merit play period, formal dance, history pictures for the class room, and good posture!

Thus we grow. Vocabularies are a measuring rod of academic growth and of citizenship. Patterns of speech, patterns of thinking in correct terms are established.

Third Row — GREENE, HOBBS, BRECKENRIDGE, HILTY, TIDMARSH, AMESTOY, WELLMAN, COMBS. **Second Row** — DART, MURPHY, LEE, DOHENY, KALB, BARBOUR, RUBENSTEIN. **First Row** — STANLEY, DE PACKH, GILLENWATERS, DONLEVY, FREDERICK, BOWEY.

As we become aware of the wonderful world we live in, we begin to recognize our responsibilities as persons. Our studies, our fun, our friends lead us into many activities. We'll long remember our two little bookworms who introduced us to many book friends. Our trip around the world to meet dolls of many lands made maps very real to us. In science we made tin can telephones to study sound waves, collected seeds in the fall, sprouted seeds in the spring, learned to see the shapes of trees and to observe nature's wonders round about us. We made a mural for our our room showing scenes from California history. We took trips to the museum and the library.

MRS. ELIZABETH PLAISTED

CLASS OF '62

Third Row — HUNT, FINDEISEN, FISK, STAPLES, DROWN, CONWAY. **Second Row** — LOVETON, ACKERMAN, PINE, LOESSER, HAMILTON. **First Row** — BARRY, RUSSELL, JAMES, MILLER. **Absent** — KIRKELY.

MRS. MURIEL RUICK

CLASS OF '63

Memorizing prayers and poems for our first "turn" at taking chapel, doing original work for our assembly, learning the multiplication tables from 1 through 12, learning how to do thought problems and long and short division, developing accuracy and speed — these are some of the tasks set for the year.

A visit to the Museum to study early Los Angeles history, a nature chart for spring, Easter songs and original poems for our Easter service — these are other tasks we also enjoy.

Throughout, we are building the foundation and constructing the framework which will earn us the privilege of wearing Westlake's proud name.

Third Row — GUNDELFINGER, JOHNSON, RITCHIE, CONVERSE, BERGEN, MILLER, CAMERON, GRAHAM, ODEKIRK. **Second Row** — FAREED, DOHENY, HANNEMAN, ANDREWS, McCLURE, HAY, SEWARD, STEVENS. **First Row** — HANAN, HASSEN, GOOD, CROMWELL, AMESTOY, HOMAN.

CLASSES OF '64, '65

MRS. RITA BAER

MRS. ALBERTA BRUDY

Twelve young but very important little Westlake girls have had a happy, worthwhile year in the first grade. They have learned to read as well as to listen, to write neat manuscript, to count, and to sing cheery songs. They have made a good beginning in work habits, and are surely on their way to success.

A small group of hardworking second graders has grown up fast this year—thinner, taller, and more industrious toward their advance work. Harder reading, longer arithmetic columns, subtraction with SPEED, spelling, and drill, drill, drill have given them the confidence they need as they advance to a higher grade.

Third Row — STURDY, BEARDEN, M. WAYNE, SHARMAN, S. WAYNE, JAMES, COLLINS, McWILLIAMS, ASMUSSEN. **Second Row** — FULTON, CROSS, BLACK, CROMWELL, BAER, COHN, OLSON, SHARPE. **First Row** — BRETTAUER, ELLIOTT, HUNT, ADLER, HARRIS, BICKEL.

MRS. KATHERINE TROXLER

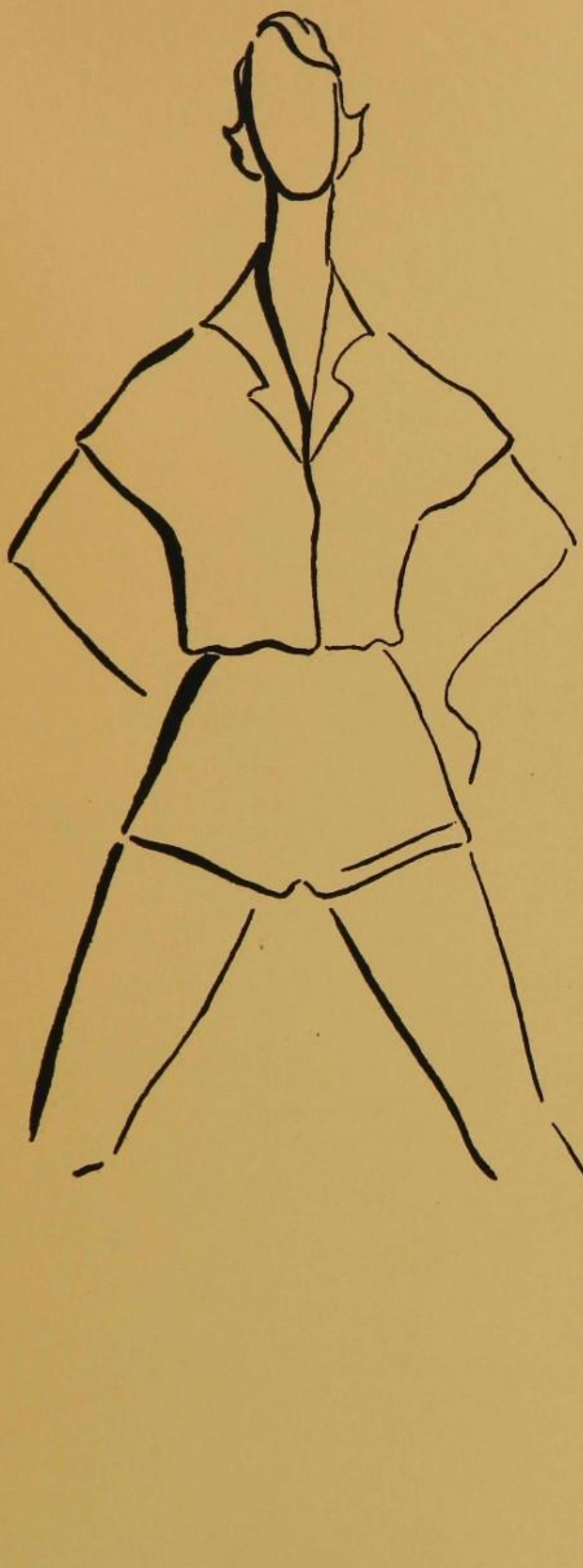
MRS. HILDA RIZZO

PRE-SCHOOL

Play is the means by which children learn of the world about them. Our serene and beautiful outdoor play-area at Westlake invites endless adventure and exploration. Here the children reconstruct, in imagination, what they see and feel of the world about them, and become fairy queens, cowboys, Indians, and "Spacehoppers." The friendly, spacious, indoor rooms provide the opportunity for quieter play and for relaxed self-expression in music, rhythms, and crafts. Interspersed with play times are periods devoted to French, reading-readiness activities, and story-telling. One of the happiest events of the year was the Kindergarten Open House. The children dramatized and sang "Goldilocks and the Three Bears," and presented an exhibit of their arts and crafts for their parents.

Third Row — AUER, CAMERON, KRAMER, H. COOPER, JOHNSON, LYONS, MILNER. **Second Row** — ADLER, BICKEL, FAREED JENSEN, BOGART. **First Row** — G. COOPER, CROSS, HAMILTON, HEALY, B. COOPER.

sports



ON WITH THE BALL

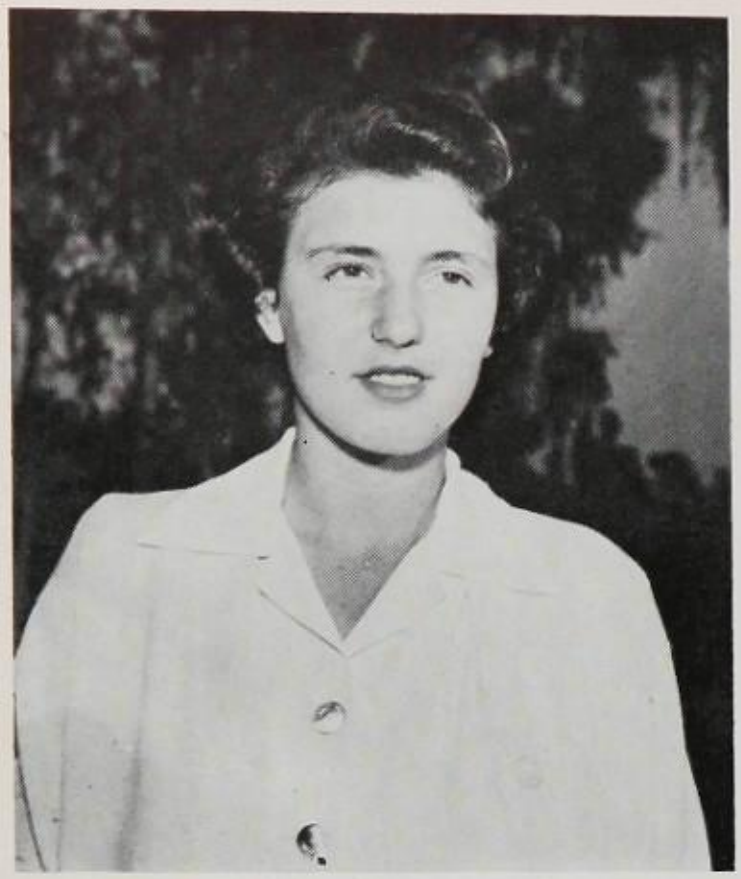
NOEL RUHBERG
athletic association president

ATHLETIC COUNCIL

RUHBERG (president), PIATIGORSKY (white team captain), COLLIER (gold team captain), S. JONES (secretary).

DENNIS, NEWCOMBE
(cheerleaders)

WHITE TEAM



JEPHTA PIATIGORSKY
white team captain

Dear Whites:

It is hard to believe the year has ended so soon. I can't begin to tell you how much I have loved being the Captain of such a wonderful team. Your earnest efforts and undaunted spirit have made me proud to shout, "That's the White Team." At every game, your will to fight till the finish and then to accept loss as well as victory has shown brilliantly.

Thank you, Whites, for your co-operation and strong response. Good luck, always, to a truly fine team!

Jephta Piatigorsky

Fourth Row — WHEELON, MEYER, MacMURRAY, HUFF, DILLMAN, BANZHAF, GRATIOT, NYSTROM, SCHREIBER, C. STREBE, S
WILLIAMS, VALE, EHLERS, BINGHAM, WARTMAN, G. STREBE, NEWCOMBE. **Third Row** — RENO, HOPKINS, LANGE, KAUFMAN
HAMMOND, ASTON, SMALLBERG, LYDDY, ROHR, FRY, BRITTINGHAM, BELL, B. MABEE, STOCKSICK, CROSBY, WELLMAN
Second Row — SOUTHWELL, KATES, KNOUF, ANDRUS, LEWIS, F. LAY, DAVES, THOMAS, CHAPPALLET, CHAPMAN, PARKER
BODINE, L. EDGINGTON, PRICE, HANRAHAN, CORD, LYRIS. **First Row** — DENNIS, CAPRA, A. EDGINGTON, TAYLOR, PETR
PETERSON, VAN DER HEIDE, PIATIGORSKY, S. JONES, MAYER, WALLACE, M. JONES, CULLINGHAM, FULTON.

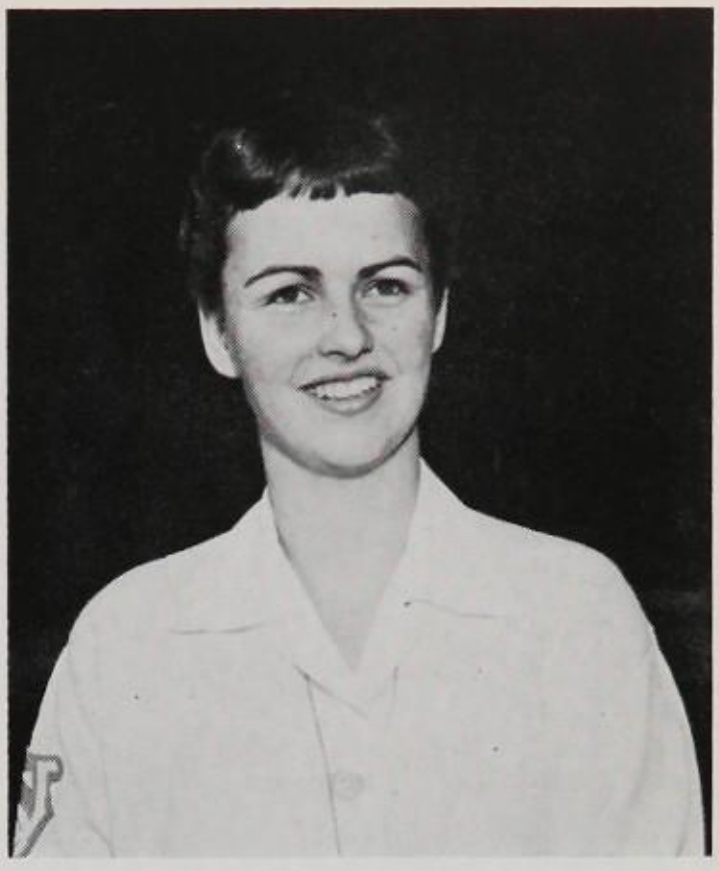
GOLD TEAM

Dear Golds:

That you have the spirit, courage, and determination to be on the top can never be denied. On the athletic field, your sportsmanship and co-operation proved factors in boosting the team to many victories. Nothing seemed to dampen your pride in being members of the Gold Team. Yes, you made this year the "Most Golden Year." I hope that you never forget the happy times we've had, that, rejoicing in victory and consoling in defeat, we have kept our close association.

All I can say, and I say it with utmost sincerity, is "Thank you!"

Chatty Collier



CHATTY COLLIER
gold team captain

Fourth Row — ARCHAINBAUD, JOHNSON, FEE, PETER, WATKIN, ENGLAND, NASH, BOLANDER, BYINGTON, LOCKE, STEEVES, ARKUSH, CLEMENS, HANSCOM, ROHRER, WHEELWRIGHT. **Third Row** — PERRY, KEMP, P. LAY, GANCZ, GREEN, JACOBS, VON HAGEN, CARLSON, DORN, KENASTON, JEFFREY, PAYNE, WASSERMAN, CURTI, DIXON. **Second Row** — MAGANA, YOUNG, STULTZ, MANNING, WYLER, PIER, JENSEN, BALDWIN, MOON, NORTH, PEDERSON, C. WILLIAMS, CHAMBERLIN, HEATH, MILLER. **First Row** — E. MABEE, KOHNER, BURNS, BORCHERDT, THAGARD, COLLIER, RUHBERG, MORGAN, DISNEY, MANKIEWICZ, TROUSDALE, SELAK, LANG.

VOLLEYBALL

"Kill that ball!" . . . and the volleyball season got off to a smashing start. Westlake played hard in the Westridge playday, and although our teams were beaten, our fighting spirit gave the other schools a battle. Colors and cheers urged on the Gold and White competition, with the Golds emerging victorious. The mighty Seniors gained the interclass championship, and the students beat the faculty.

Third Row — KENASTON, KEMP, CAPRA, PIATIGORSKY, SCHREIBER, CHAPPALLET, FRY. **Second Row** — HANSCOM, ARKUSH, PARKER, TAYLOR, GREEN, VAN DER HEIDE, PETER. **First Row** — BELL, NEWCOMBE, RUHBERG, CHAMBERLIN, WATKIN.

BELL, HANSCOM

VAN DER HEIDE, RUHBERG

SCHREIBER, NEWCOMBE

Third Row — BELL, CAPRA, JONES, SCHREIBER, PETER. **Second Row** — WATKIN, NEWCOMBE, CHAMBERLIN, RUHBERG. **First Row** — CHAPMAN, HANRAHAN, GREEN, CHAPPELLET, NASH, DAVES.

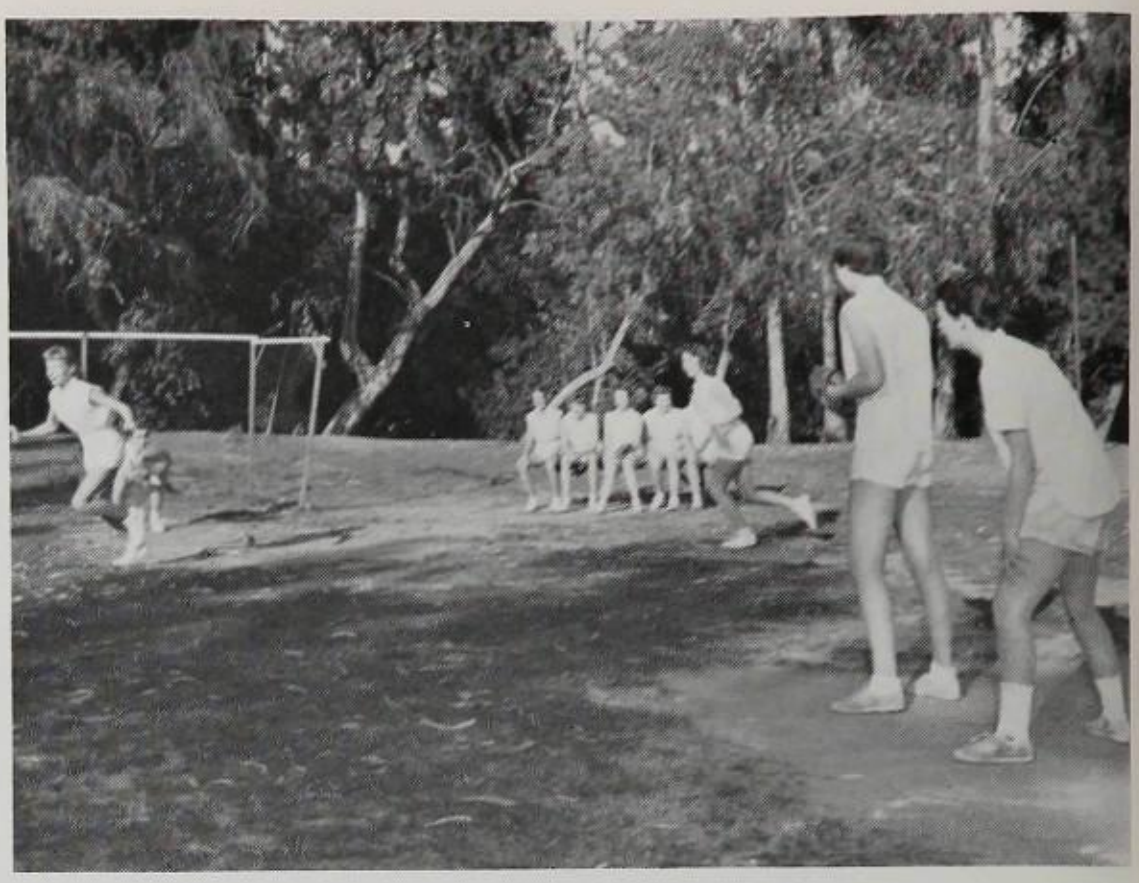
BASKETBALL

Another successful season of basketball has drawn to a close. Interclass competition was at its greatest this year. Excitement ran high throughout the games but when the final whistle blew at the last game, the Seniors had won the interclass series of basketball. And once again, the Golds emerged victorious over the Whites in a series of thrilling games.

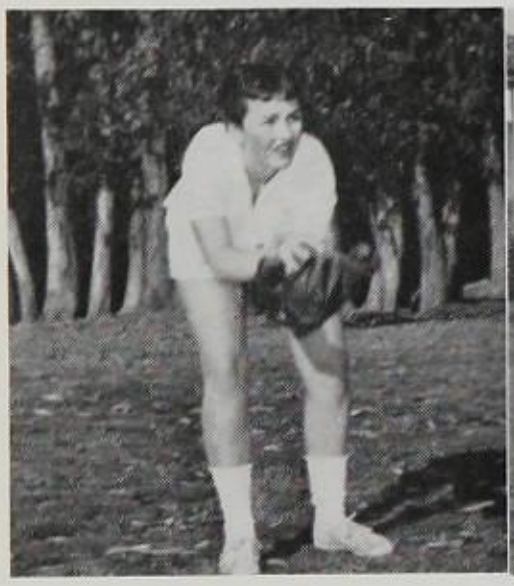
HANRAHAN, CHAPMAN

CHAPPELLET, GREEN

CAPRA, NASH



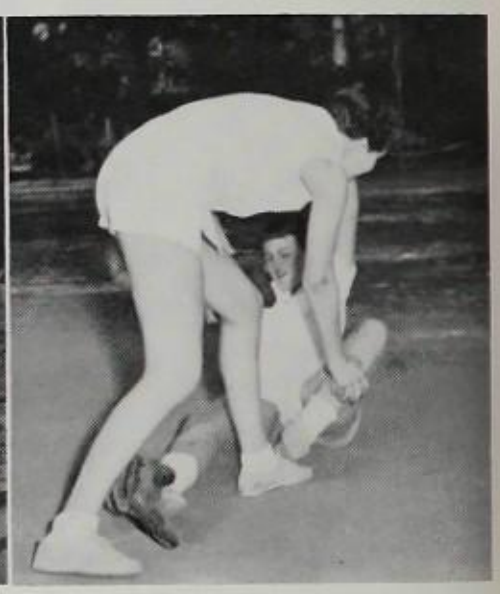
BASEBALL



COLLIER

LANG

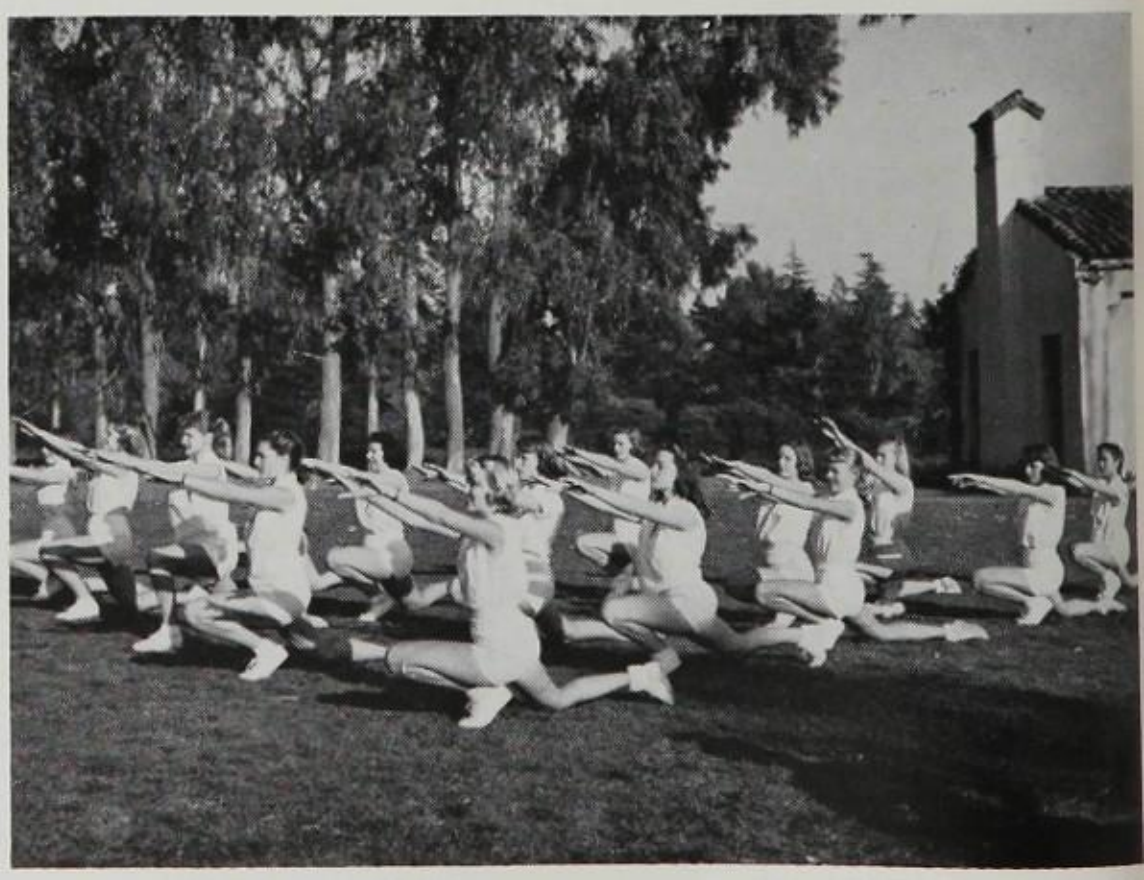
MANNING, FEE



BANZHAF, COLLIER

As soon as the festive May Fete events are over, we're off to the baseball field. The air is filled with enthusiasm as you hear, "Batter up! Three strikes! You're out! We're going to win!"

There are three Gold-White games, and interscholastic competition. Results will determine the winner of the Gold and White plaque. For the interclass athletic award, "Hats off to the Seniors" seems to be in order. Watch that faculty game. They can't be beaten. Their home runs are terrific.



GYM

TENNIS

MR. AND MRS. TANASESCU

HOPKINS

PAYNE

VAN DER HEIDE

PIATIGORSKY

VARSITY TEAM

Tennis is a popular sport at Westlake. Familiar sights practically any day are our wonderful coaches, Constantin Tanasescu (Tani) and his wife, Niki. The tennis team worked especially hard all year for the matches and tournaments which it entered. The most memorable event of the year for the team was, of course, the Ojai Tournament, in April. Other trips to Pasadena, Palos Verdes, and Santa Barbara will not easily be forgotten, either.

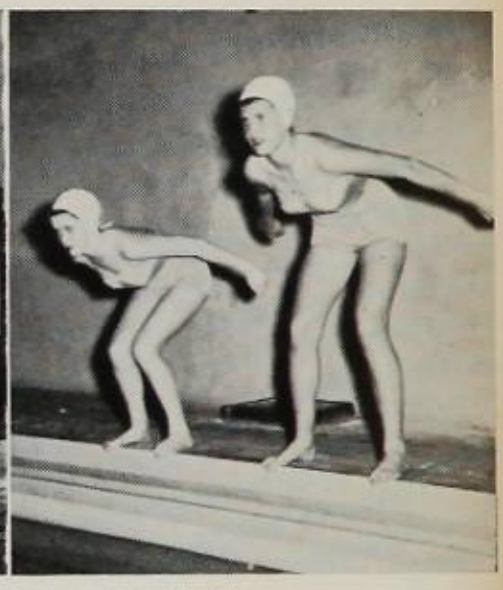
SWIMMING

SUE SALLY JONES
swim club president

WATKIN, CHAMBERLIN

C. WILLIAMS, ROHR

RUHBERG



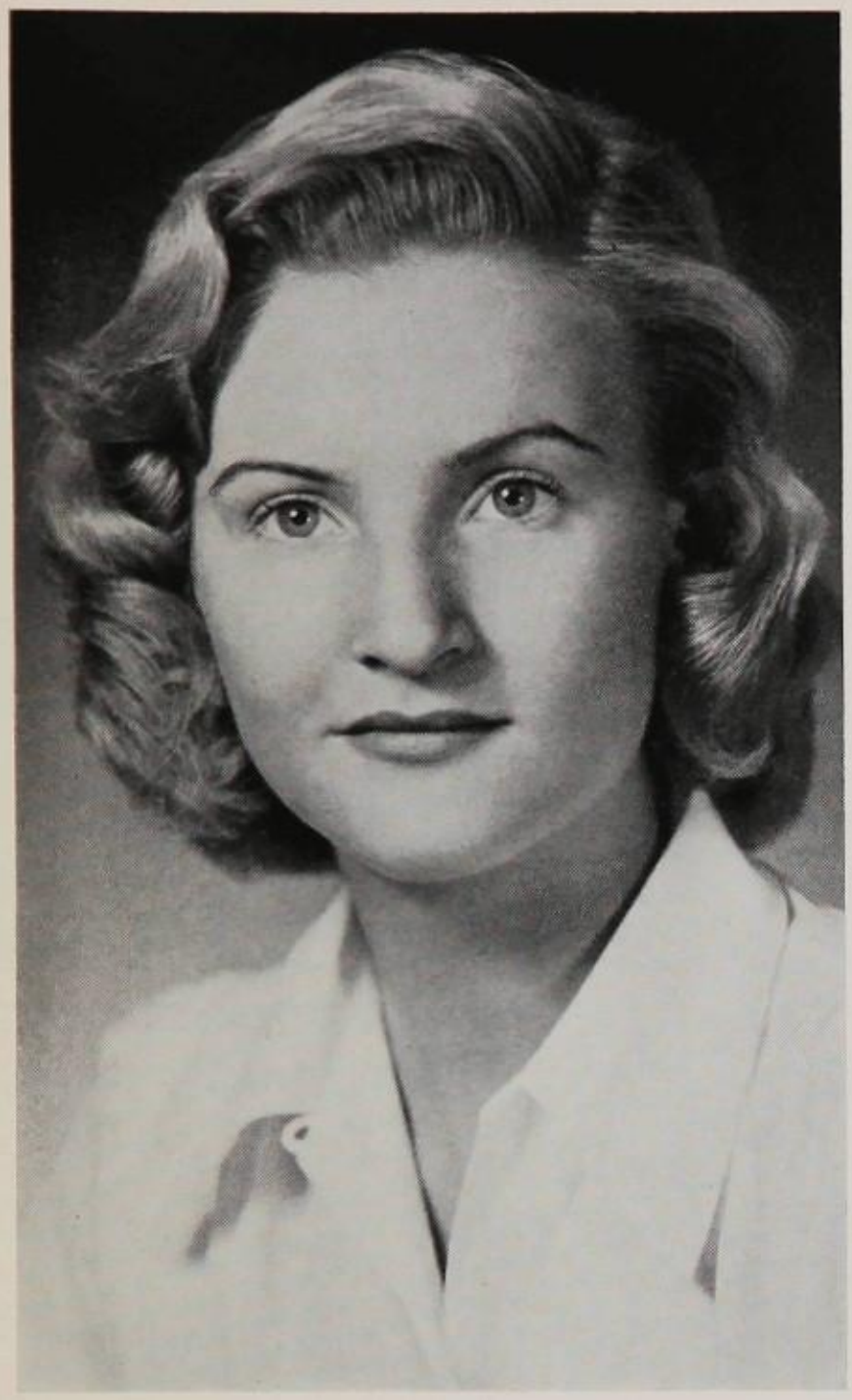
PIATIGORSKY

Strains of waltz music can be heard emanating from the swimming pool every Wednesday afternoon, as Swim Club practices for the aquacade.
Under the guidance of Miss Perrine and Sue Sally Jones, the girls practice synchronized swimming, precision turns, and dives.

SWIM CLUB

organizations

DANCE COMMITTEES



STUDENT BODY PRESIDENT

It is far from simple for me to express in words the wonderful experience I have had in being your Student Body President. Accepting with responsibility your own individual part, everyone of you—the student body—has contributed to the outstanding co-operation displayed this year. Only through this co-operation, have I been able to carry out the demands of my office. As members of the student government you have made tremendous strides in achieving school spirit and efficiency, thanks to true self control with due respect for the wishes of the individual student at all times. Altogether the government has proved to be a truthful representation of "The Voice of the Girls" and this, indeed, makes me proud of having been your leader.

Anna Van der Heide,
Student Body President

STUDENT COURT

Student Court acts as the judiciary body of our student government. Led by Margaret McCrady, Chairman, and assisted by our faculty advisor, Miss Van Burg, the court talks to each girl whose misdemeanors total more than three each month, and then decides upon her penalty. The Citizenship Honor Roll, a new idea this year, contains the names of the girls whose citizenship, pertaining to student government, is especially high.

MARGARET McCRADY
student court chairman

Second Row — JACOBS, LOCKE, VAN DER HEIDE. **First Row** — PETRI, CAPRA, PETERSON, TAYLOR, McCRADY.

STUDENT COUNCIL

SUZANNE MAYER
student body vice-president

This year has been a milestone in Student Government at Westlake. Besides carrying on the work of former councils, it has inaugurated many new ideas. One outstanding feature was the Student-Faculty meetings held several times during the year. Anna Van der Heide, President of the Student Body, Suzanne Mayer, Vice-president, and Diane Peterson, Secretary, worked diligently to uphold the standards and traditions of Westlake.

Third Row — HOPKINS, DENNIS, BODINE, JACOBS, McCRADY, HANSCOM, MAYER, TAYLOR. **Second Row** — DILLMAN, PETRI, CAPRA, RUHBERG, KOHNER, LOCKE. **First Row** — ASTON, VON HAGEN, PETERSON, VAN DER HEIDE.

PI

DENNIS, HOPKINS
editors-in-chief

BYINGTON, ad manager
PAYNE, business manager

PIATIGORSKY, MILLER, CAPRA, STEEVES

MRS. MILDRED RUSSEL
advisor

PRICE, LOCKE, ARKUSH, COLLIER

VOX

JOHANNA MANKIEWICZ
editor-in-chief

FRANCES BURNS
literary editor

LOUISA WALLACE
art editor

CAROLE ANN TAYLOR
photography editor

MISS SMITH, business manager; DISNEY, ad manager; MRS. QUINN, art advisor; TROUSDALE, business manager.

MISS LOU BREDLOW
advisor

KAREN PETRI
house president

PETRI (president), G. STREBE (treasurer), PRICE (vice-president), C. STREBE (secretary).

Third Row — YOUNG, EHLERS, CARLSON, G. STREBE, KEMP, BOLANDER. **Second Row** — PETRI, BORCHERDT, THAGARD, C. STREBE, BANZHAF, GRATIOT, PRICE, MYRICK, ROHR, CAPRA, THOMAS. **First Row** — KAUFMAN, KENASTON, STOCKSICK, BRITTINGHAM, GANCZ.

DORM

"House meeting in five minutes!" "Are you sure that was the **last** bell for study hall?" To a boarder, these phrases are familiar, for they are repeated over and over again during the course of a year. Under the leadership of Karen Petri, our Prexy, we became a united group at the end of the year. Miss Julia Moser, our house mother, did her very best in making dorm life happy for all of us.

Life in the dorm includes many things: a room full of stuffed animals, footsteps thumping down the stairs after grace has been said at breakfast, informal free-for-alls in someone's room, and the weekly house meetings. Dorm life has its problems, as any other life does, but the boarders emerge knowing how to live in close harmony with other people. Westlake has every right to be proud of her dorm, and the girls who are included in it are very proud to be a part of Westlake.

HUFF, BRITTINGHAM, VALE, GANCZ

C. STREBE, MYRICK

COMMITTEES

CLAUDETTE SELAK
uniform committee chairman

Anguished cries of "Please clean your shoes," and "You **know** that's out of uniform" can be heard echoing in the halls immediately after chapel. These admonishments are spoken by the Uniform Committee

Standing — SELAK, PIATIGORSKY.
Sitting — NEWCOMBE, GREEN, VON HAGEN.

SALLY HANSCOM
chapel committee chairman

A new, but much needed, committee appeared on our campus for the first time this year: the Locker Committee. It was established under the direction of Student Council to control the loss of textbooks.

Third Row — BINGHAM, WASSERMAN, GANCZ, MAGANA, ASTON.
Second Row — ANDRUS, VAN DER HEIDE, CAPRA, CHAMBERLIN, VON HAGEN.
First Row — SCHREIBER, MORGAN, PAYNE, KOHNER, HANSCOM.

activities

ENTERTAINMENT

"By education we mean the training that enables us to use efficiently all the forces that lie at hand ready for application to life; the knowledge to free ourselves from all belittling and crippling influences, whether inherited or acquired; the power to make the most of ourselves intelligently and spiritually". — **Frederica De Laguna**

It has been said often of the founders of Westlake, Miss de Laguna and Miss Jessica Smith Vance, that they established Westlake in order that they might work together to build character in young women. It is prerequisite to all education that good habits of character are necessary to academic achievement. But just how does one acquire new and better habits, while freeing oneself from the belittling and crippling ones?

The founders knew the answer, and the present school staff perpetuates what they began. Westlake's teachers, past and present, are responsible primarily for the many fine products of the school: her contributing alumnae daughters. Ask any student what she likes best about Westlake and she will praise her teachers.—**Helen Temple**

And what can I say of all the things I have tried to give you of guidance and comfort? I think I'd like to leave with you as a last message that beautiful thought which has come down to us through the ages from the time of Plato, and of Christ, to our time of today: that God is Law. Everything happens according to His laws; and if we but give ourselves up to following those laws, our lives will be full of power, and peace, and love . . . —**Carol Mills**

50 YEARS

DANCE PROGRAM

SEPTEMBER

23—Opening tea—a spectacular beginning to the year

24—And now the work starts!

26—Boarders bomb the beach

OCTOBER

3—Faculty to Lake Arrowhead

25—Poems are read, faces are red, as Freshmen are initiated

NOVEMBER

17—Mothers' Club holds first meeting

21—Juniors and Freshmen combine forces for "Football Frolics"

24—Senior Ring Ceremony—and well-remembered celebration at Wil Wright's

25—Thanksgiving recess

DECEMBER

13—Christmas Vespers

17—Seniors and boarders welcome in Christmas season with Revels

18—Reluctantly and unwillingly we depart as Christmas vacation begins

JANUARY

4—Happily and joyously we return

23—Webb-Westlake dance given in commemoration of the 50th anniversary

25—First semester exams begin—no comment

27—Rest for the weary—mid-semester vacation

FEBRUARY

1—Classes resume

12—Alumnae Baby Day

MARCH

19, 20—Vox Puellarum presents "A Play Parade"—box office success!

26—Senior-Sophomore dance—"La Vie En Rose" is success in pink and white

APRIL

9-19—Time off for good behavior—and Easter

19—50th anniversary luncheon and program

21—50th anniversary dinner and program

29-31—Anyone for tennis?—Ojai tournament

MAY

1—Louisa, beautiful Queen of the May Fete

2—Harvard comes to vespers and dinner

8—SURPRISE! Seniors ditch, leaving goodies for all

12—The Water Follies

19—Seniors entertain their mothers at tea

JUNE

2—Second semester exams begin!

5—Stardust and laughter—
Junior-Senior Prom

6—Baccalaureate Vespers

7—Cheers—Athletic Breakfast

8—Tears—Poets' Day

9—Commencement—a beautiful ending

RING CEREMONY

TROUSDALE, McCRADY, VAN DER HEIDE

RING SONG

Senior rings upon our fingers,
Symbol of our love for thee,
Spirit of Westlake always will linger
In our hearts, fond memory.
The golden gleam of our Senior ring
Thoughts of love and loyalty bring.
Senior rings upon our fingers,
Symbols of our love for thee,
Spirit of Westlake always will linger,
In our hearts, fond memory.

EDGINGTON

Third Row—PAYNE, CULLINGHAM, TAYLOR, NYSTROM, MILLER.
Second Row—ARKUSH, MAYER.
Third Row—STEEVES, SELAK, LYDDY, PETERSON.

As a senior, looking back over my past six years at Westlake, I find that one great thought seems to stand out among all those that played such an important part in the relationship of our class. This thought was aptly expressed by the great British scientist, Sir William Osler, when he said: "The most essential thing for happiness is the gift of friendship." It is to be noted that he combines "friendship" and "happiness" and that he further enhances the word "friendship" by saying the "gift" of friendship.

The gifts we have received during our years at Westlake, knowledge, harmonious surroundings, the kindness and understanding of teachers and parents, experience, are tied together by the friendships we have made. The manner in which we shall use these gifts in the future will be a test of the measure of our integrity and maturity. Like the star that guided the wise men to the manger, these gifts will guide us on our way through life, toward the ultimate goal of the achievement of happiness.

Soon we are going to leave the obscurity of our own little worlds and of Westlake, which has become almost a second home. We shall be dispersed into a world that is becoming more realistic. We shall have to face bigger problems, make new friends, but we shall always remember and be able to turn to the friends of our youth with whom we shared so many happy moments: eating lunch together, class parties, morning chapel . . . moments when we maybe did not realize the beauty and value of the friendship involved. But these will make up the greater part of our memories of school-life . . . memories to cling to in times of disappointment . . . memories that will always have a place in our hearts.

I should like to quote to the class one stanza of a poem by Louise Driscoll:

Hold fast your dreams!
Keep one still, secret spot
Where dreams may go,
And, sheltered so,
May thrive and grow
Where doubt and fear are not.
O keep a place apart,
Within your heart,
For little dreams to go!

Westlake will always be an important part of us. And for that part we will show our gratitude and appreciation to Miss Mills and Miss Temple, to our parents and teachers by endeavoring to hold fast to those high ideals and principles that are the foundation on which we will build our futures and make the most of what we have and are.

The rings we will receive tonight are golden circles that draw us into their circumferences of loyalty to our school and lasting friendship to each other.

LUPITA KOHNER
class president

Second Row—GRATIOT, CHAPPELLET, PIATIGORSKY, WALLACE, BURNS.
First Row — S. JONES, KOHNER, MANKIEWICZ, COLLIER.

RUHBERG

VESPERS

The annual Christmas Vespers service was held this year in the newly painted and decorated auditorium. The ceremony began with the entrance of the student body carrying lighted candles and singing "Adeste Fideles." The Choral Club, seated on the stage, sang the following numbers: "Christmas Bells," "I Wonder as I Wander," and "Hark, Now, O Shepherds."

Lupita Kohner, Senior Class President, read a prayer, and Anna Van der Heide, Student Body President, read a passage from "Luke." Then, several members of the student body read original poems and stories commemorating Christmas.

VESPER READERS

REVELS

The real beginning of the Christmas spirit is ushered in with Revels. It is one of Westlake's most hallowed traditions, and takes place in an English manor with the Student Body President and the Dorm President playing the parts of the Lord and Lady of the manor. Revels is composed of many parts: the Boar's Head Procession, the Mummer's Play, the Yule Log Dance, the Sword Dance, and "The Christmas Guest." The Seniors and all the boarders participate in this festive occasion. When the last line has been said, Santa comes bounding into the room with presents for everyone. The big and little jesters help him distribute the gifts, and with his departure at the close of the ceremoney, Revels is brought to a close for another year.

DISNEY, BURNS, M. JONES, TROUSDALE

MORGAN, PRICE, CAPRA, BALDWIN, PETERSON

VAN DER HEIDE, PETRI, ROHR, STANLEY

"A PLAY PARADE"

"HOME TO MOTHER" — WALLACE, TROUSDALE

"THREE'S A CROWD" — PRICE, VAN DER HEIDE, DISNEY, KOHNER

"THE BIRTHDAY OF THE INFANTA"—TROUSDALE, MORGAN, PETERSON, DENNIS

This year, the Vox benefit, "A Play Parade", consisted of five one-act plays presented by the Senior drama class.

"Three's A Crowd" dealt with the amusing problems of Eddie Johnson, a high-school boy, played by Anna Van der Heide. Lupita Kohner played Madeline; Wendy Price, Madeline's younger sister; Sharon Disney, Eddie's cousin Elmer; and Sue Sally Jones played Edward Johnson, Senior.

"Beau of Bath" was a short, costume play with Noel Ruhberg as Beau Nash, a lonely gentleman with memories of brighter days; Gail Kenaston as Gepson, the servant; and Claudette Selak as the lady of the portrait.

"The Birthday of the Infanta" dealt with a deformed hunchback. Diane Peterson played the Infanta; Shari Dennis, the Duchess of Albuquerque; Lucille Capra, the Moorish attendant; Mary Ann Trousdale, the Chamberlain; and Lynne Morgan, the Fantastic.

"Pink and Patches" was the story of a fanciful, young mountain girl and her yearning for a pink dress. Lupita Kohner played Texie, the girl; Sue Sally Jones was Rexie, her brother; Wendy Price, Ma; and Shari Dennis, Mrs. Allen.

"Home to Mother" was the story of a young bride's first quarrel with her husband, and her return "home to mother". Louisa Wallace played the bride; Mary Ann Trousdale, Mrs. Barnes, the mother; Noel Ruhberg, Jane, the maid; Diane Peterson and Claudette Selak, Nancy and Marcia, the two sisters; Sharon Disney, Aunt Julia; and Anna Van der Heide, Grandmother Barnes.

Weeks of serious rehearsal under the direction of Miss Gertrude Millard resulted in polished performances which were thoroughly enjoyed by all attending the performance. Appreciation was expressed to Mrs. Cecilia Quinn for her set direction, to Miss Helen Temple and Miss Mary Perrine for their patient assistance backstage.

"PINK AND PATCHES" — KOHNER, S. JONES

"BEAU OF BATH" — SELAK, KENASTON, RUHBERG

MAY FETE

LOUISA WALLACE
may queen

Second Row — BYINGTON, PETERSON, WALLACE, DISNEY, CHAPPELLET.
First Row — FULTON, C. WILLIAMS, NEWCOMBE, CANNAN, VAN DER HEIDE, CHAMBERLIN, VON HAGEN.

DANCES

VAN DER HEIDE, KOHNER, MANKIEWICZ, WALLACE AND DATES

JUNIOR-FROSH DANCE

The auditorium, with decorations fitting the theme "Football Frolics", was the scene of the Junior-Freshman Dance held on November 7. The walls were covered with pennants, banners, and action pictures of football games, as couples sat at tables decorated with crepe paper streamers representing the colors of various colleges.

LEWIS, KATES, JEFFREY AND DATES

WEBB DANCE

All the girls in their beautiful formals were anxiously waiting when the Webb boys arrived for the Webb-Westlake exchange dinner dance on Saturday night, January 23rd. The theme of the decorations, Westlake's Golden Anniversary, added much to the festive spirit of the occasion.

SENIOR-SOPH DANCE

The 27th of March served as the date for the Senior-Sophomore Dance which was held in Great Hall. The theme of the dance was "La Vie En Rose", and the ceiling and bannisters were decorated with pink and white balloons. Large butterflies adorned the walls and pink angel hair was placed over the chandeliers to create "a rosy view".

DORN, CHAPMAN, COLLIER, WATKIN, SOUTHWELL, C. STREBE AND DATES

WEBB DANCE

TROUSDALE, PAYNE, NASH, PEDERSON, HEATH

CHORAL CLUB

Under the capable direction of Miss Jeanne Anderson, the Choral Club has prepared programs of devotional music at Christmas and Baccalaureate Vespers, and light, somewhat modern, music at the May Fete and Mothers' Club meetings. Many of the members and other Westlake girls subscribed to the Friday afternoon Philharmonic concert series. A group attended several operas: Madame Butterfly, Carmen, The Barber of Seville, and La Boheme. Opening night at Mefistofele was especially thrilling.

Fourth Row — BOLANDER, FEE, HANSCOM, CHAPMAN, GRATIOT. **Third Row** — STOCKSICK, BANZHAF, TROUSDALE, BURNS. WHEELWRIGHT, KATES, COLLIER, BYINGTON, CAPRA. **Second Row** — WATKIN, SOUTHWELL, G. STREBE, CARLSON, EHLERS, PIER, HOPKINS, PAYNE, WHEELON. **First Row** — NEWCOMBE, BELL, ROHR, NASH, PEDERSON, HEATH, JOHNSON, SMALLBERG, MORGAN, MISS ANDERSON.

DRAMA

The drama department, under the direction of Miss Millard, is divided into three groups. The Freshman group practices speech and diction exercises. The Sophomores and Juniors, having completed a year of speech work, begin to make use of their knowledge by presenting short programs. The Senior drama class consists of girls more advanced in the theater arts. This group portrays more difficult characters in plays and in monologues. All the groups are working toward the same goal: that of developing ease and poise in conversation. Westlake drama provides on excellent background for those girls interested in making the stage their career.

CURTAIN CALL — WALLACE, TROUSDALE, VAN DER HEIDE, DISNEY, SELAK, PETERSON, RUHBERG

"HOP O' MY THUMB"
LYNNE MORGAN

"BELINDA MAYBELLE BUNTING"
JENNIFER HOPKINS

"PATTERNS"
SHARI DENNIS

HONOR DINNER

Standing — MILLER, DENNIS.
Sitting — KOHNER, HOPKINS, CAPRA, PIATIGORSKY, TAYLOR, BINGHAM, HANRAHAN, COLLIER.

Standing — WHEELON, HUFF.
Sitting — DORN, F. LAY, FULTON, CLEMENS, WELLER, PETER, FRY.

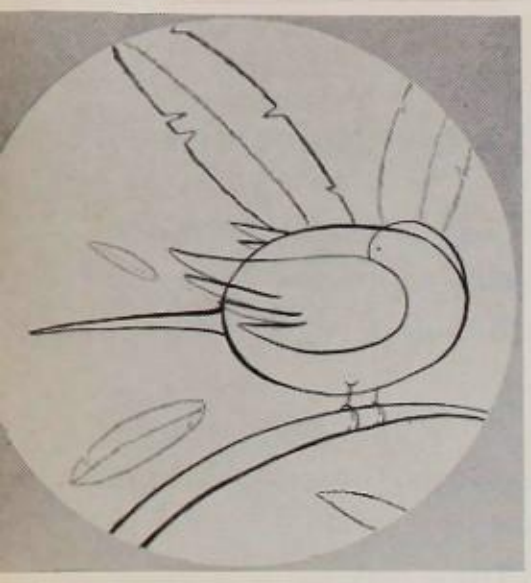
A "delicious" treat for the students winning first and second honors was the Honor Dinner given by Miss Temple and Miss Mills on February twelfth. The nineteen girls present enjoyed the tasty dinner which was followed by a mixed program of popular and classical music played by pianist Felix de Cola, father of Joan de Cola, who was graduated in 1952.

Mr. de Cola also played a number he composed spontaneously, based on a theme of four notes given to him at random by his audience.

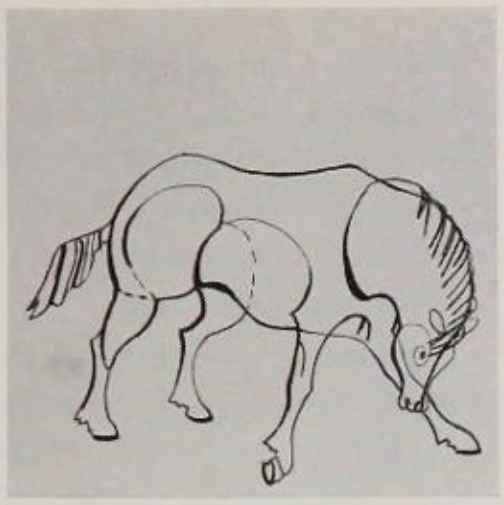
As everyone left, about half-past nine, groups of girls could be heard humming strains of the beautiful music that had been played for them at Honor Dinner.

literary and art

CONTESTS AND AWARDS

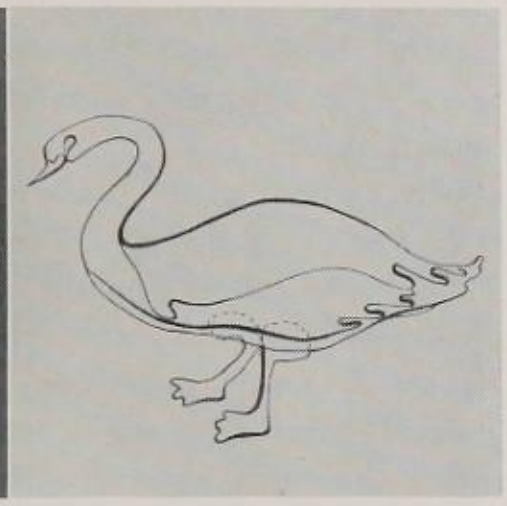


JANNA MANNING

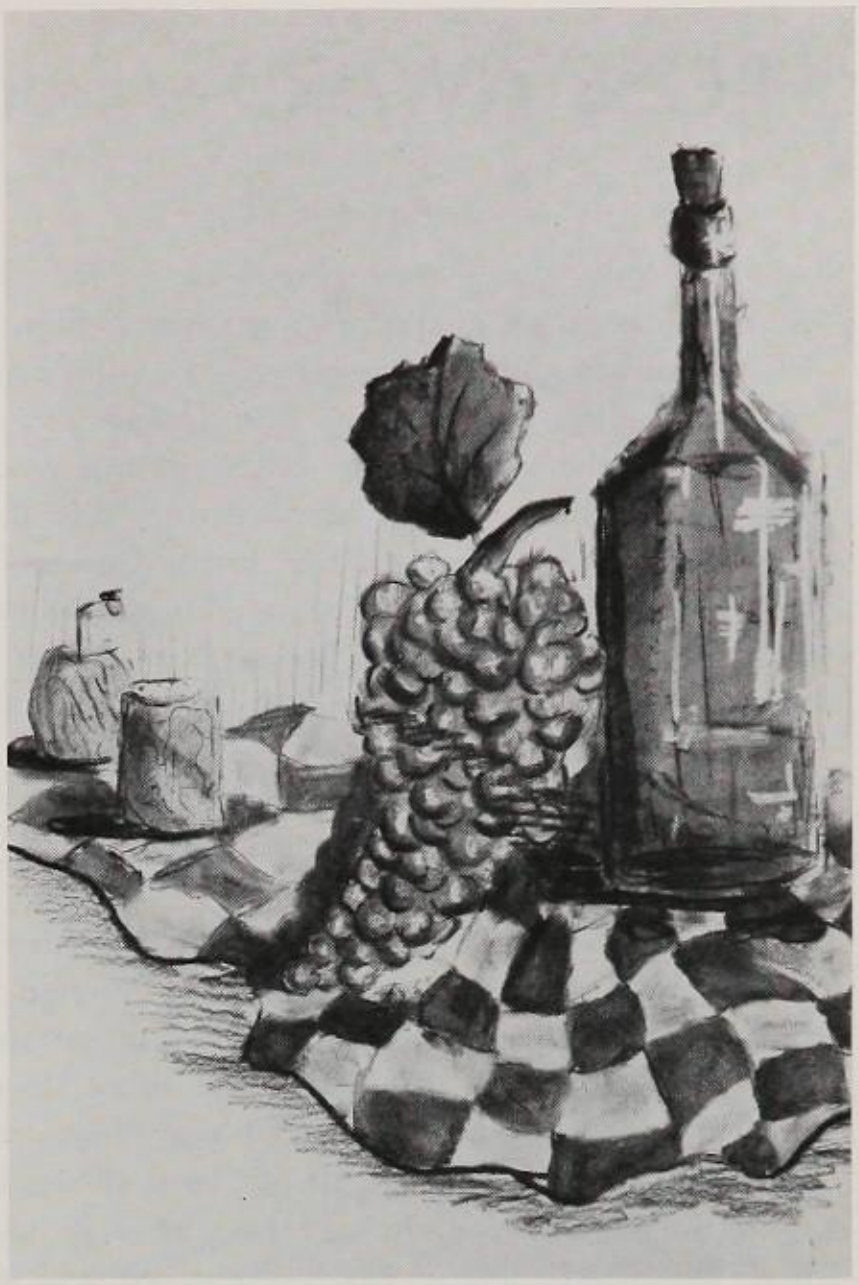


SUE SALLY JONES

FRANCES LAY



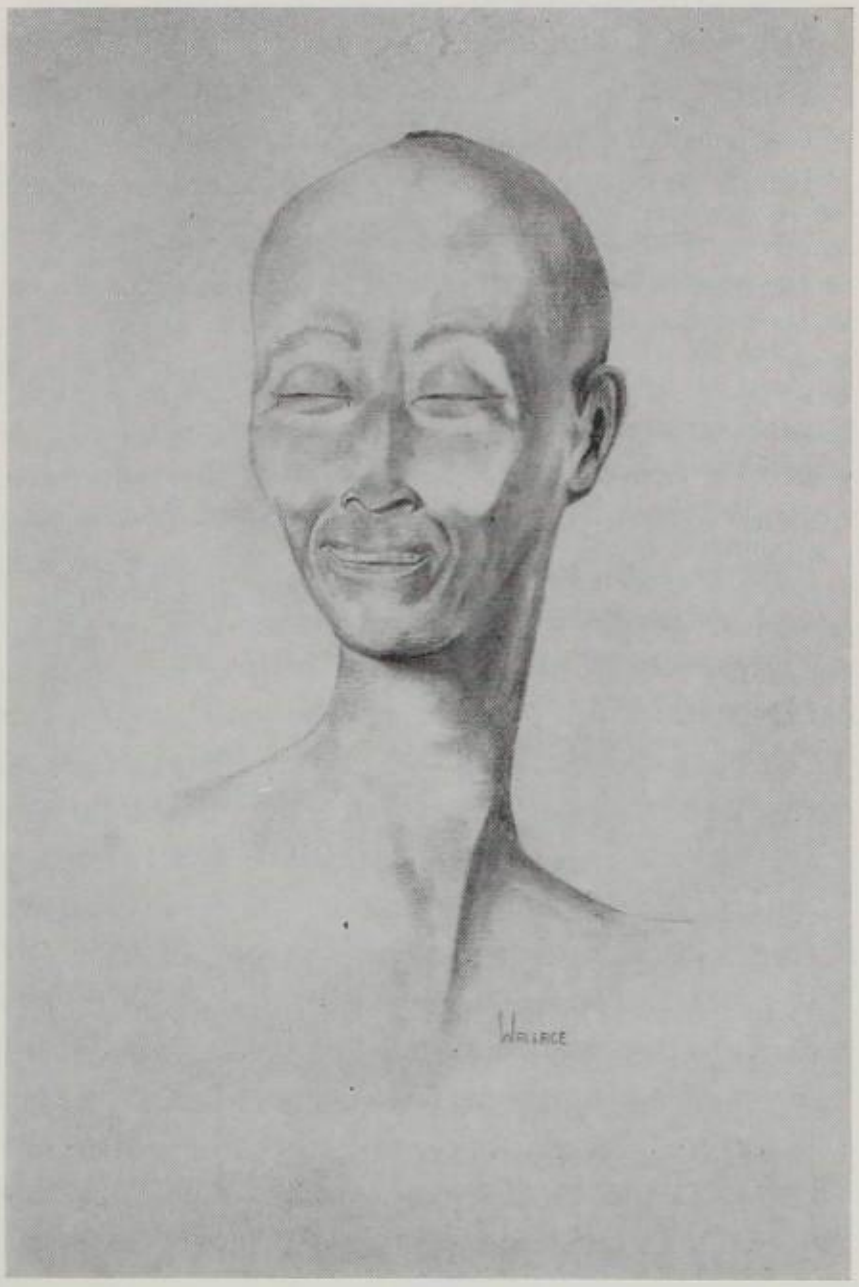
LOUISA WALLACE



DANIELLE MAGANA

JERE DIXON

ART



LOUISA WALLACE

PROSE AWARD—Andrus

WHAT IS SPRING?

Another long winter day was drawing to a close. Mama was in the kitchen fixing supper, Papa was in the barn feeding and bedding down the animals for the night, and Johnny and I had been dispatched to the woodpile to fetch enough wood to last until bedtime. It was late February and the air was still frosty from winter's touch. The sun was faintly shining, its warmth somewhat slackened by the lateness of the hour. For several weeks now we had been enjoying sunny days.

The stillness that lay over the afternoon was suddenly broken by an unfamiliar harsh cry.

"Honk . . . Honk . . . Honk . . . Honk!"

It seemed to come from far above us.

Mama ran from the kitchen, wiping her flour covered hands on her apron while Papa hurried from the barn, a pail still in his hand. Johnny and I stood stock still. We all turned our faces skyward and saw a most marvelous sight—hundreds of big birds, their long necks thrust out in a straight line with their bodies, their feet pressed flat against their tails and their wings flopping up and down in a rhythmic motion. They were flying in a perfect "V" formation.

"Honk . . . Honk . . . Honk . . . Honk!" Their cries floated down to us from so far above, muted somewhat by the great distance, yet loud and harsh in monotone on the still and frosty air.

"It is the wild geese flying north," my Father shouted. "Look! What a pretty sight. Look how they follow their leader."

"It is the sign of Spring coming," Papa said. "Soon we shall go into the fields and turn over the rich, brown earth that has been idle all the long winter. We shall plant the seeds and in the summer we shall cultivate so that in the fall the harvest will be abundant."

"And can Spring do all that?" queried Johnny.

Papa laughed. "It starts 'all that'," he responded. "Go ask your Mama—she has the gift of words far better than I. I'm just a farmer. I learn from seeing things grow, but Mama knows things about Spring that I cannot reckon. She'll tell you a right smart lot about it. Go ask your Mama."

We ran to Mama. She was still watching the wild geese. They were now far away from us. Somehow we did not wish to break the silence of the moment, so we stood quietly by and watched with her until the birds became mere specks in the sky.

"That was a lovely sight," she said, as she turned to go back to the house.

"Mama, what is Spring? What does Spring mean?" we asked her.

She turned laughing eyes on us. "It means so many wonderful things," she said. "It means that the sleeping are awakened, that the dormant are quickened to living."

"But Mama," we chimed in, "Everything dies in the winter. Then how can they come to life in the Spring?"

"They do not die, children. They just go to sleep." She took us by the hand and led us over to the corner of the yard where we always planted our flowers. She knelt down and raked the brown leaves away, then the damp layer of bits of brown leaves until the earth appeared. Then she dug down for several inches and pulled up a fat buttercup bulb.

"Now what is this, Johnny?" she asked.

"Just a dead bulb," he responded flatly.

"See," she pointed to the nubbings of white roots that were pushing out from the bottom of the bulb. Johnny's eyes got large with amazement.

"See," Mama continued, "It is beginning to awaken. Soon the roots will grow long and spread out into the ground to collect water and food. The bulb will swell and grow fat with the good food. A shoot will push up, green and tender. Up and up it will grow until the leaf blades form. Soon will come the flower, to give pleasure to you and to me and to give nectar to the bees for their honey. The bees will pollinate the flowers so that the seeds will form. When seeds dry and fall to the ground, the trees will cover them with a blanket of brown leaves. Next spring these seeds become bulbs."

She peeled off six or seven layers of brown skin from the bulb in her hand.

"Do you know what this is for?" she asked.

"Just old dead skin, not good for nothing," replied Johnny.

"No, Johnny, it's nature's way of putting a warm coat on the bulb so that the life inside it will be protected."

We started toward the house. "So you see, children, there are the dormant periods when things look like they're dead, but really they're only sleeping. Spring comes to awaken them . . . Oh, my biscuits!" Mama cried, and broke into a run. When we reached the kitchen stove Mama had already pulled out the pan of beautiful brown biscuits.

"They're just right;" she said.

I took the lid off the pan of frying chicken. "Oh, and it's just right," I cried.

"And everything's just right," said Mama softly.

And we felt that it must be so, because Mama said it was.

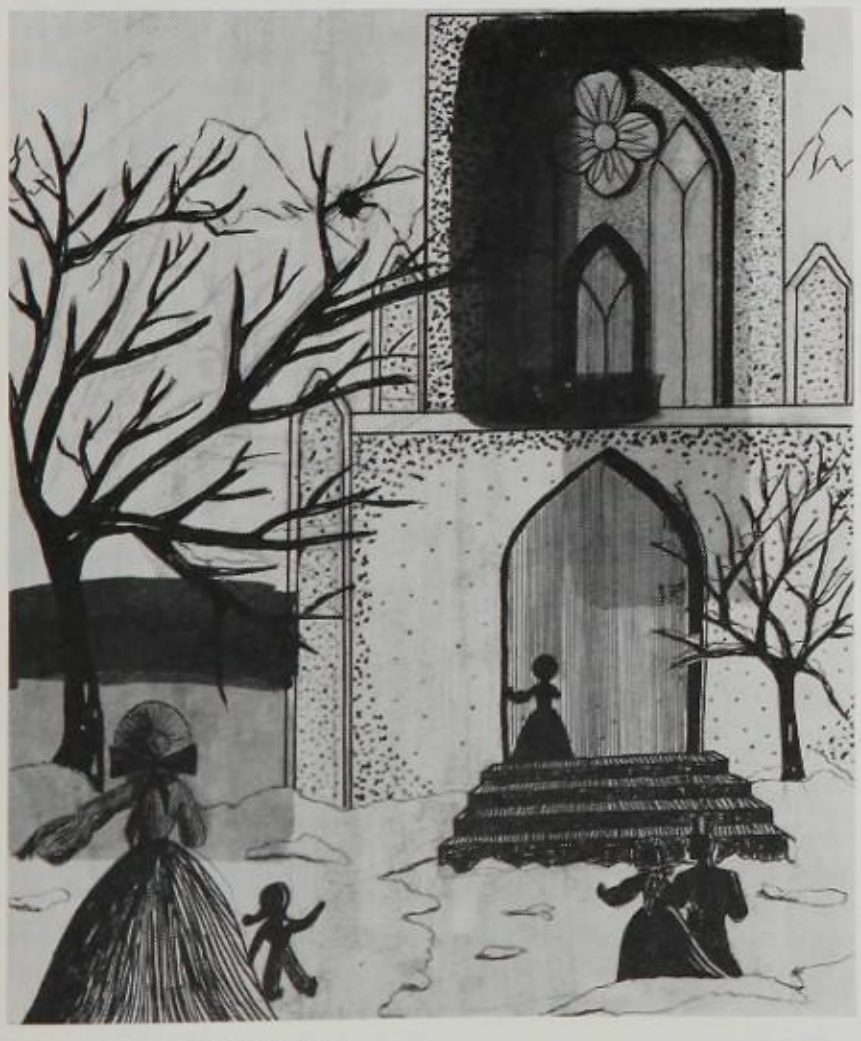
PAMELA ANDRUS, '56

POETRY AWARD—Wallace

THE GIFTED

And through the whirling pool of night,
They came.
And all three stood atop this hill,
Each a peasant to the eye,
But a gifted man at heart.
Suddenly from this prison of darkness,
Where they stood,
There came a piercing path of light,
That led across the universe
And stopped to rest
Within a poor and humble stable.
And all three looked and wondered,
And hearing not,
They followed.
And into that crystal sphere,
They stepped.
Encircled by wise and old,
Rich and poor
They knelt and laid their humble
Gifts upon the earth.
And when they had seen the
Power of that miracle,
They turned
And into the night's enfolding arms
They went.
Each a peasant to the eye,
But a gifted man at heart.

LOUISA WALLACE, '54



DIANA DILLMAN

PROSE—HONORABLE MENTION—Mankiewicz

DEATH

It is not easy to write on such a painful subject, yet it is as if the heavy, drumming pain relaxes its grip just a little as the unspoken, perhaps even repressed, words pour upon this page. For one who has felt the impact of death cannot speak plainly of it. Words choke, muffle, strangle at times, and the pain once more takes hold.

It has been said that death is beautiful. And, perhaps, to the dead, it is. But we can speak of death only from what we, the living, know. And to those who are left behind, it is most certainly not beautiful. It is ugly at first—ugly in the way only grief can be. It is a shocking, stabbing, nameless thing —a heartless thing, respecting not beauty, nor wisdom, nor goodness.

How very dear, then, become the memories. Old letters, gifts, photographs—little, meaningless objects such a short time ago—become tender, sacred remembrances. The opening of a book in which a familiar hand has scrawled his name, the playing of his favorite symphony — painful, tearful, somewhat crazy reminders of something unforgettable. As time passes, the raw wound heals; the scar begins to form. It is a slow change — this transition from pure grief to something deeper, more meaningful than tears. Not understanding, really — for that rarely comes soon — but an acceptance of the inevitable.

Yet the important memories remain always, never blurring, ever vivid; the wisdom and kindness, the gentleness and humor — these are never lost, but grow, instead, into life, giving it a touch of immortality.

And I am young yet — too young, they say, to know death.

JOHANNA MANKIEWICZ, '54

A SNAIL

A snail is a very slow fellow indeed.
Instead of going round he climbs over a weed.
He has two antennae like a television set
And carries his home on his back
So when it rains he won't get wet.

A snail will go his merry way
And won't let you have any say
Of where he wants to go.
He's so contrary and so slow.

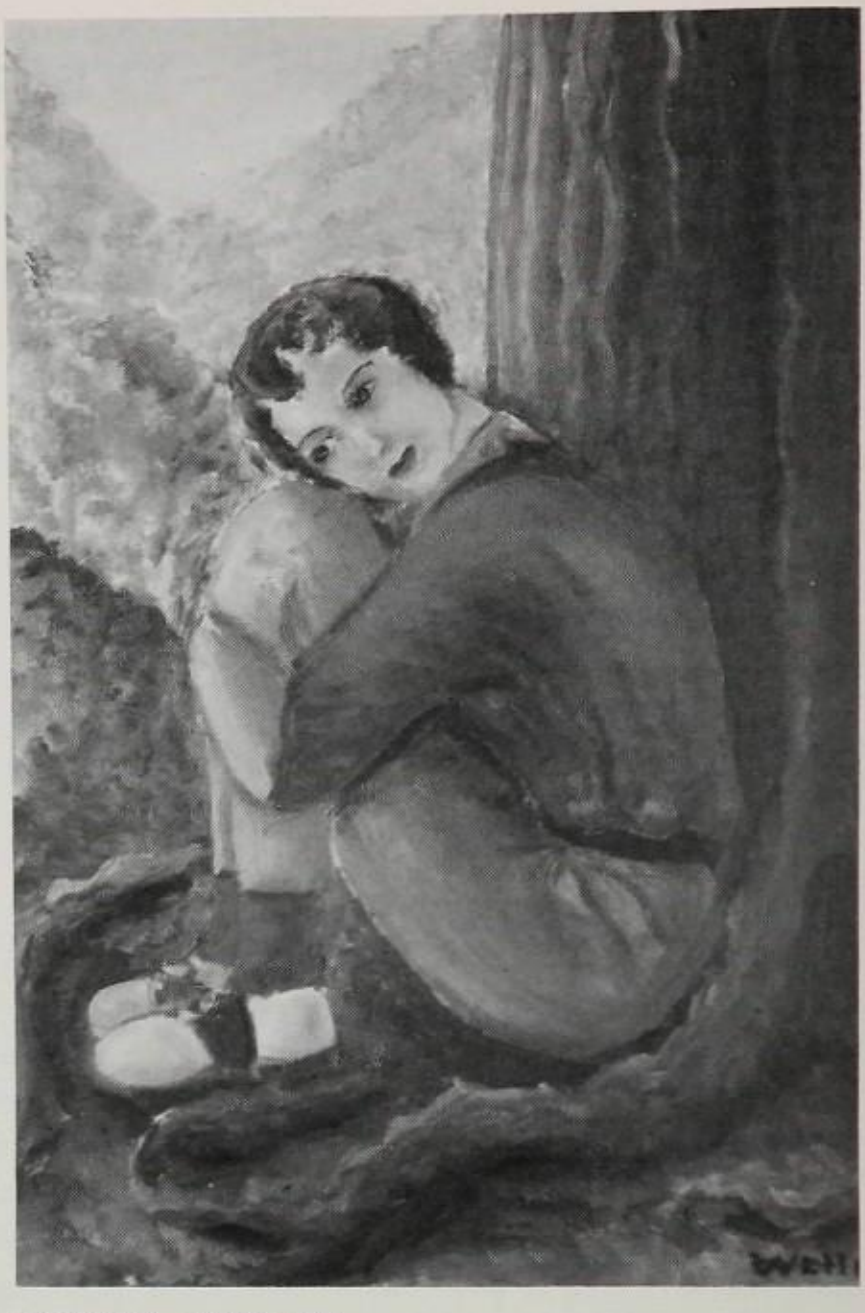
VICKI JAMES
Fourth Grade

EASTER DAY

Lord Jesus is so wonderful,
He is so good and true,
  He helped the crippled ones on earth.
There was so much to do.

He suffered and died upon the Cross,
He dies that we might live,
  He is now with His Father up above,
He gave all He could give.

MARGOT AMESTOY
Third Grade



SYLVIA WELLER

A LITTLE DAY DREAM

A pretty little fairy
Came dancing from the wood,
She wore a pale pink garment
And a silvery hood.

She picked a pretty flower
As rosy as could be,
Then twirled around and curtsied
And handed it to me.

JAYNE GILLENWATERS
Fifth Grade

THE MOON

Oh, moon, which sheds such lovely light,
Enchanting all the shapes of night,
I'm glad you live so far away
You cannot hear what mortals say.
They praise you so. I'm sure you'd be
Over filled with vanity.

PRISCILLA BURNS
Sixth Grade

A POEM

All night long and every night
When my mother puts out the light,
I see people marching by,
As plain as day before my eye.

At first they move a little slow,
Then still faster on they go,
And still beside them close I keep
Until we reach the town of sleep.

MELISSA MURPHY
Fifth Grade

HALLOWE'EN

Ghost fly! Witch ride!
It is Hallowe'en.
Cats meow, owls hoot,
Scary things are seen.
Costumes funny, costumes gay,
Children having fun,
Trick and Treats, happy shouts,
As house to house we run.

CHRISTINE CROMWELL
Third Grade

THE SPIRIT OF WESTLAKE

The warmth of friendly smiles, the echoing laughter heard in the halls, the ringing of endless chatter, the friendships made and kept throughout an eternity of inspiring years; these are the things to be remembered when all else is lost. These are not material concepts, not lessons to be drilled into the tired mind, or read in a book and memorized. These are the memories we carry with us—the memories that plant their seeds in our hearts. Sometimes the mind will be blank and there will be no thought of past school days of past school years, but I know that when this happens, I'll think back and the picture will appear, as clear and concise as if I were standing in those same rooms. I will remember the warm and inviting Great Hall. I'll see the tall pillars, standing like solitary soldiers in their white concrete uniforms, or decked with balloons and colored paper, or wrapped with holly boughs. I'll hear a choir of blending voices in the distance. And from the top of the winding stairs a hundred tiny lights will appear and float down, one by one, accompanied by the same voices in harmonious accord. A gay scene will pass before me, a scene filled with laughter and noise, band music and dancing feet, a crystal punch bowl and blue lights. But last of all, I'll remember the circle —a circle of poets, of scholars, of teachers, of friends, and of love, all gathered together for a special purpose, a special meaning. This bond of friendship will not be broken, nor the parting words forgotten. The picture will be dim but the spirit will continue to grow—the spirit of Westlake. No, I will not forget you, Westlake. You are the friendly smile, the echoing laughter, the endless chatter, the eternal friendships, and the everlasting memory to carry onward.

LOUISA WALLACE, '54

BIRDS ON A JAPANESE VASE

Those five harsh birds that live in shining bronze,
Come crying through a leaden, silver sky.
They pierce the air with singing as they fly.
Their beaks are sharp and pointed in delight;
A rugged gale would blow them from their course,
But the high and certain pathway of their flight
They keep, undaunted, and their way they force.
No adversary can their strength withstand,
As with unswerving flight their way they hold—
Their claws curled loosely, strong and very bold—
Across an iron sea to a golden land,
That birds wrought on a vase can never reach.

CAROLE ANN TAYLOR, '54

THE CLOCK

Tick-tock, tick-tock. On and on. The seconds pass by, the minutes roll on, and the years stampede away.

As children we are only aware of the seconds, the world around us. Onward we move—always forward, always progressing. But we are still unaware of the seconds, and we live in a timeless world of our own.

The seconds add up to minutes, and soon we are in high school. Parties, dances, boys, and homework. Our lives and our problems keep going on and on, like the monotonous swing of the pendulum. Tick-tock, tick-tock—always forward, always progressing.

Four minutes ago we were freshmen; five minutes from now we shall be graduating from college. On and on with the same monotonous tick-tock. Always forward, always maturing.

At last we reach the hours of our lives—full adulthood. We remember the seconds of yesterday and the minutes of last night. We look to the hours of tomorrow, grasping at the pendulum of life which swings on and on . . . ticking, ticking . . .

NOEL RUHBERG, '54

MOSS

It is green, a very deep, rich green, with maybe a little flow of yellow here and there to add more beauty to its long train. It is as thick as a plush rug found only at the feet of a queen. It is damp and firm, but smooth as velvet and as soft as snow. A mild breeze rolls it between trees, over rocks, and down to the water's edge, where the water laps gently against the moss.

JUDY CULLINGHAM, '54

A PRAYER

O Lord, let me behold your miracles each day; let me love with all the warmth you gave me; let me thrill to every song and word of truth I hear. Let there be sunsets and day-breaks to herald your eternal glories; let me run to the sea and find its majestic beauty forever reflecting your perfection; let my problems be cast off my soul. Let every winding and uncertain road I take lead to a more harmonious future; let every friend be true and unrestrained with me; let the beauty of living forever reign in my soul.

LYNDA JEFFREY, '56

NIGHT FLIGHT

The plane spirals higher and higher, its red and green lights blinking on and off, on and off, and it starts on its straight course across the continent.

The city below changes into a display of sparkling jewels—rubies, emeralds, amethysts and diamonds —in patterns, groups, necklaces—arrayed on black velvet. Gradually the large group of jewels breaks up. Smaller groups appear on the outskirts of the larger, only to break up and dwindle into a few long lines, then just a few diamonds, then one or two, splashed here and there, and now—darkness . . .

The plane drones on and on. The engines make a red glare against the propeller cowling. A blue tongue of flame comes from the exhaust—just as usual, but then—No. Everything is all right. Everything **must** be all right. The red and green lights blink on and off; the plane speeds on . . .

The stewardess comes down the aisle, passing out pillows and blankets. People gradually turn out their lights, only a few reading to make themselves sleepy; an occasional businessman writes facts and statements and figures with his cheap, ballpoint pen. The plane drones on and on.

You stare out the window . . . still no moon . . . surely that blue flame—it's bigger now!!

You ring for the stewardess. She assures you there is nothing to fear, but then as you turn from the window, you notice that she is heading with rapid, uneven steps toward the cockpit.

The pilot's voice comes crisply over the loudspeaker —"Ladies and gentlemen, may I have—"

The plane lurches sickeningly to one side. Women and children scream and a baby's terrified wails are heard above a ripping, crashing noise, as some heavy object breaks its compartment.

Your terrified glance out the window reveals the wing is a torrent of flame.

The pilots' excited voices come once more over the loudspeaker, but this time, not meant to be heard by the passengers— " . . . hopeless. NO! The controls are fammed! . . . can't do a thing! . . ."

You look out of the window again. The once-friendly little diamonds now glare horrifyingly nearer and nearer, rushing to meet you.

The little green and red lights on the tip of the plane's wings blink on and off, on and off . . .

JENNIFER HOPKINS, '55

THE SHEPHERD

The shepherd stood, looking,
Looking at the hills.
He had stood there before,
Alive—in his heart.
Many years ago,
When he was young.
And as he stood, looking,
He raised his tired eyes to the heavens
And saw the stars, so bright,
So warm, and yet so cold.
And he remembered the star of that night long ago,
The star, and the stable.
A night of wonder, full of angels' songs.
Were they but ideas in his mind,
And feelings in his soul?

The shepherd listened in the stillness
To the crickets, and to the wind
Rushing through the tall grass.
He listened to God's voice.
And he thought of the hills—once green,
And of himself—once young.
And he thought of Christ, so long dead,
Yet still alive,
Alive in the rushing wind,
In the hills, in the stars,

NOEL RUHBERG, '54

SPRING

Sheathing deep Winter's cruel sword,
Lady Spring spreads out her gown of budding trees
and blooming flowers.
The daffodils were as graceful as sea-gulls.
Tender grass felt the urge of gentle spring.
Finally, the swallows returned to homes of old.

SHARON ASTON, '58

A PEASANT PEOPLE

Singing—their voices alive with strength,
They work.
And it is hard work, they are told,
Painful and long and heavy.
They do not know the comforts of the world;
They see no more the long wheat fields before them,
And they do not yearn.
Sweating, striving, heaving,
And yet they sing.
Down the long line moves the chant,
Growing and echoing under the scorching sun.
For they are free, their hearts are not bound,
Their only allegiance is to God;
They are a peasant people, a happy people.

JOHANNA MANKIEWICZ, '54

METAMORPHOSIS

The summer rain falling as a shroud hides me from the speeding cars with their bright lights, from the bustling public hurrying to homes far and near, from the tall unfriendly buildings built side by side, and from my own mind, right now so insecure. I am in my world; nothing can reach me from the outside; no one can wrench my heart or make me cry.

As I draw a deep breath, a sigh escapes me; not a sad sigh, but a contented one; for all my troubles have faded away. I have no time to feel anything but the soft coolness of the rain on my forehead and the slight breeze that tousles my hair. The air is clean and fresh; all the dirt and grime of the city have been washed away. My mind is clear too, and my thoughts drift to happy scenes; times when I was young and sure of life, times when every moment was rapturous and life held only promise and joy.

These moments seldom come to mind now; but, when it rains, a summer rain of newborn promise, I forget my disappointments and live once more those days so full of love and hope. And when I do return from dreaming, the world is not so bleak, troubles not so heavy, and life not so unbearable. I am resurrected; once more the doors of opportunity open and I believe again in all mankind.

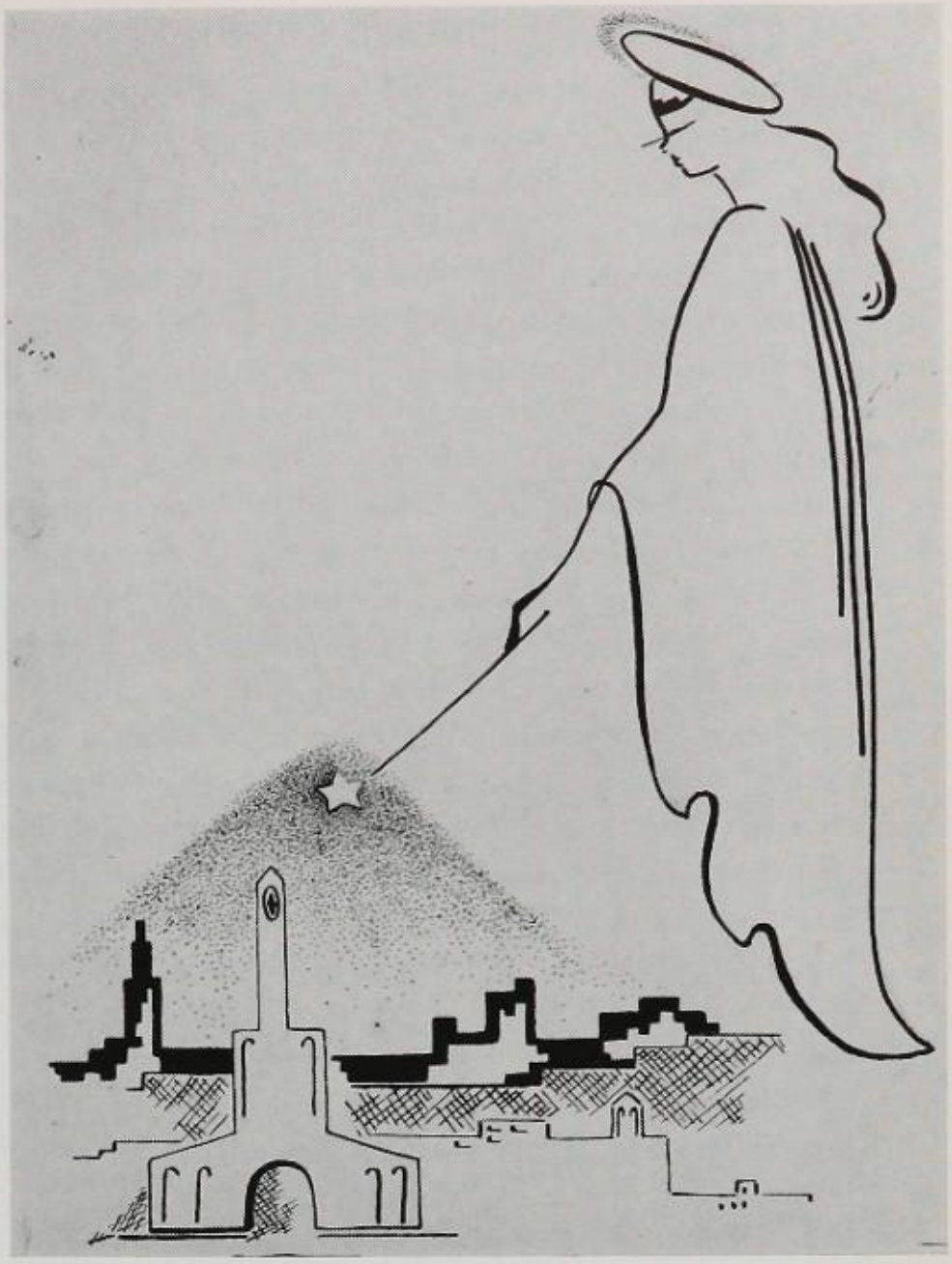
MARGARET McCRADY, '54

SYMPHONIC DARKNESS

I've always felt that darkness brings a symphony, which through my open window steals the melody of night. I hear the clock beside my bed—ticking like a patient metronome—the unwavering baton. The fluttering wings of a poor blind moth are battling 'gainst the window screen. A myriad of crickets . . . like screeching violins. The hooting of an owl . . . a solitary trumpet from afar. I can almost hear the breathing of the foliage as it rustles in the breeze . . .

A distant roll of thunder . . . like the cymbol's mighty crash . . . and one small drop of water falls upon a trembling leaf—like the gentle tap upon a silvery triangle. Then quickly and still faster come the drops like notes plucked from a golden harp. The raindrops slide upon the pane, and rolling . . . merge across the glass. The music of the crickets fades and now there's only pulsing, rhythmic pounding of rain upon the roof . . . harmonious antiphony . . . my symphony of night.

LUPITA KOHNER, '54



LOUISA WALLACE

THE WAR

And when the clouds have passed us by,
And the echoing blast of the cannon dies,
What shall be left but eternity
Beyond the sky and the boundless sea?

The graves, with their crosses—neat and white—
Or a lonely sobbing, soft in the night,
An empty house and an empty chair,
And the memory of one when he was there . . .

And they say, "Be brave and full of cheer,"
When you're filled with a numbing, hopeless fear,
Of tomorrow and tomorrow, and battles again
Of wounded, and injured, and dying men.

Fear for the final day of peace
When at last the sounds of warfare cease,
And some men return to a broken life,
For others have perished in the strife.

And when the clouds have passed us by,
And the echoing blast of the cannon dies,
What shall be left but eternity
Beyond the sky and the boundless sea?

FRANCES BURNS, '54

THE PROUD, OLD HOUSE

The proud old house stood on the hill surveying the vast acres of cultivated landscape spread below. The tremendous white pillars on the front porch symbolized the pride and power and strength of the plantation, and the rich soil, divided into thousands of neat furrows, displayed the economic wealth of the new land. It hadn't been like this in past years. Why, just a century ago there had been swamps and wild shrubbery where now lay the patterned cotton fields. The house had consisted of a few logs hastily thrown together, and in place of the embroidered tapestries and chandeliers had been a skin rug lying on the dirt floor, and a small fire in the corner. As time passed, a few more logs were added and the land was cleared and planted. Cloths took the place of skins and a wooden floor laid a foundation for the expanding structure. Before long, the log cabin had been transformed into the majestic mansion atop the hill, ruling over an empire of rolling miles of rich countryside. The house with its surrounding fields stood for more than just the power of the plantation; it was a symbol of a growing South, a growing civilization, a growing nation.

KATE HANRAHAN, '57

WARMTH

I am sitting here in the study hall library and hear the furnace below humming madly. The burner has a movement that echoes back and forth. If it were louder it could rock the whole room. The vibration stops with jerky movements, making tingling noises, as the heater lets out the vast waves of heat. The constant pounding of the machine makes you feel that it is trying to talk to you and tell you of its work.

MARY ANN TROUSDALE, '54

A SMILE

If sometime you should stop awhile
To think how much is in a smile.
The trusting smile you give to friends,
Just think how much to the day it lends.
You smile to the stranger on the street,
And she will smile to the next she meets.
So on this little gesture goes
And no one knows how much it grows.
The time it takes to give a smile
Will take you such a little while.
And think how hard it is to bear,
If one for whom you really care,
Should forget to give that friendly smile,
The one that took such a little while.
The little things in life, you know,
Are the ones that in our hearts will grow
Warmer and stronger day by day.

MARY KAY IRWIN, '56

MY HOMELAND

It's the crackling of leaves under the oaks,
It's the smell of sage from the nearby hills,
It's a glimpse of the feathery lilac,
A splash of color through the trees and brush,
And sometimes it's a stately yucca,
Like a candle upon the hill.
It's the rustling of the wind through the leaves
Like the roar of the distant sea.
It's the drip of the moisture from the leaves
Long after the rain has stopped.
There's a heavy breaking of branches,
And out from behind the trees
Stands a frightened fawn, not knowing
Which way to run for shelter.
These are the sounds and smells of the
Hillside which I have grown to love,
With the chirp of the birds, the chatter of the squirrel
And the fleeting cottontail.

ANDRELLE FRY, '57

THE TORREY PINE

Across our land
The straight trees stand
A-gleam with Christmas lights
To tell again
The faith of men
These star filled winter nights.
So through these lines
Of twisted pines
Runs a story old and good
Of another sea,
A salt-sprayed tree,
And a manger made from its wood.

VIVIAN VON HAGEN, '58

THE SOUND OF YOU

There is no sound in the room. Everything is as quiet and still as the desert on a cold winter night. Yet, there is a thumping, or some sort of rhythmic beat. It is not really audible, but seems to take place only at very sensitive moments. The sound is centralized and can be felt, but it is, also, generalized. The whole room beats so that the sound can not be traced to any one particular place. At times the rhythmical beat pounds slowly and deliberately, never losing its force. It becomes so loud and strong that it is a distinct thump, thump, thump. Presently, without notice, it dies down, becoming soft and smooth. The beats are not so distinguishable any more, and they blend evenly together. Finally they die. The room again returns to complete silence. You realize the sound was in you, and IS YOU.

MARILYN JONES, '54

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Best luck to Carole Ann and Anna from your Freshmen Joan and Hannah

Love n luck to our Senior Carole Ann—Peg and Di

To my wonderful Senior, Louisa—Love Barbara

To our wonderful Seniors, Laurie and Connie, best of everything—Deb and Fran

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From Camille to Ellie—all my best wishes

Anna, the girl who would starve if we didn't feed her. Best of luck—Lynn, Susan and Sharon

Arlis—good luck to a wonderful Senior—Melinda

To the Vox Staff—Congratulations—Debbie and Cheryl

Best of Luck to Noel from her freshman

To Sue Sal, No Rue, Lou Wall, Suz May, Claud Sel from Viv and Jer—our best

Good luck to my Senior, Sharon from Susan Bingham

Best wishes—Lynne Wasserman

Love and Luck to the two Sues—Sandy

Good luck to our freshmen, Andy and Lynn—Marilyn and Margaret

Hi it's "ME" To my terrific Junior, Laurie Rohrer—Luck Always—Mary Ann

Best of Luck to Westlake

To Laurie and Mary An from Nick and Dick

To my Freshman and my Junior—Arlis

To my Freshman and my Junior—Carole Ann

To my Freshmen, Steph and Marian—Lynne

Best luck to the Seniors—Melissa, Linda, Lynn, and Christina

To the frolicking Seniors from the jumping Freshmen—Helen and Sue

To Kid, Missy, Buck, Brown from Ginger and Scout

To Karen, Lucy and Tala—good Luck—Sylves, Jeanne, Lea

Good luck to our Seniors from Sonya and Cynthia

Love to all the Seniors—Corrin and Georgann

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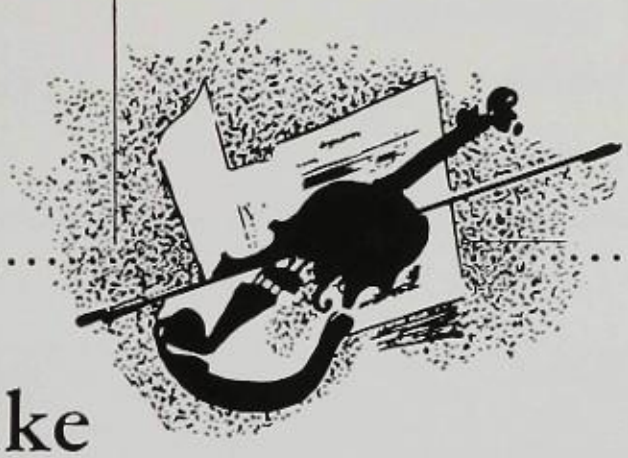

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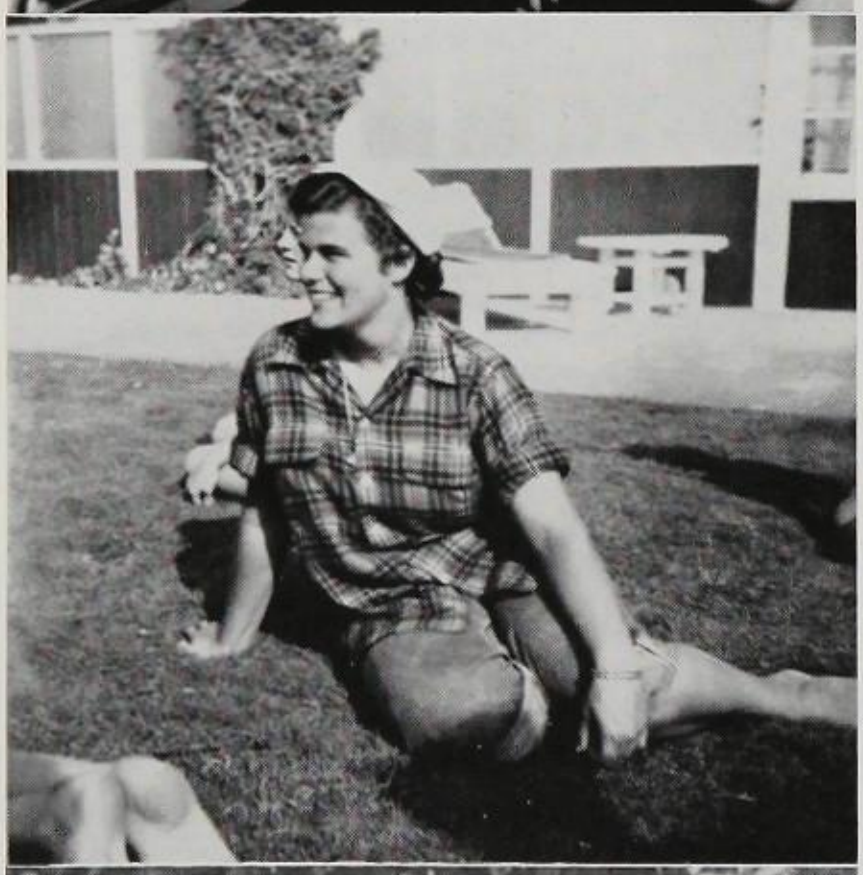

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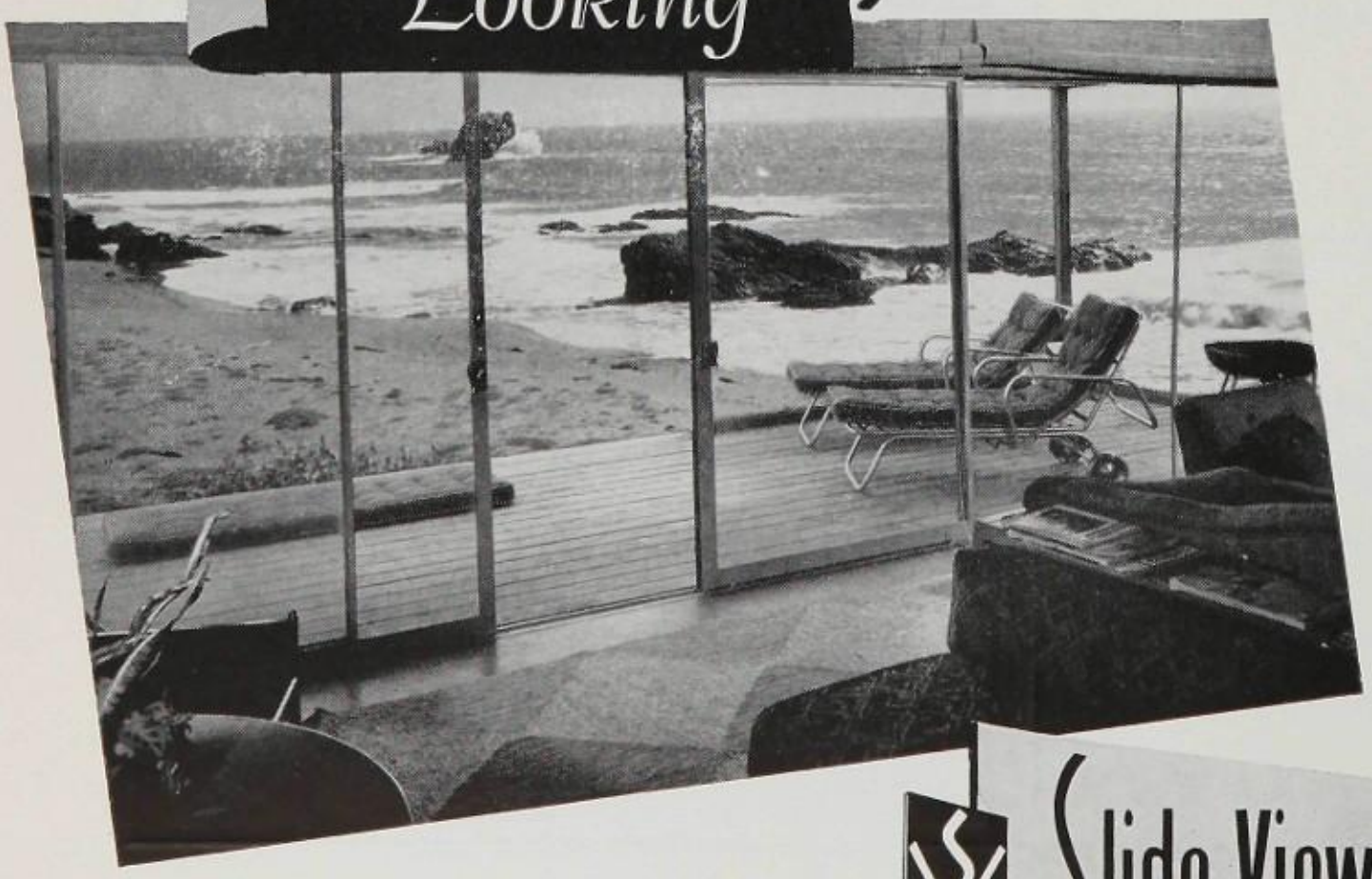

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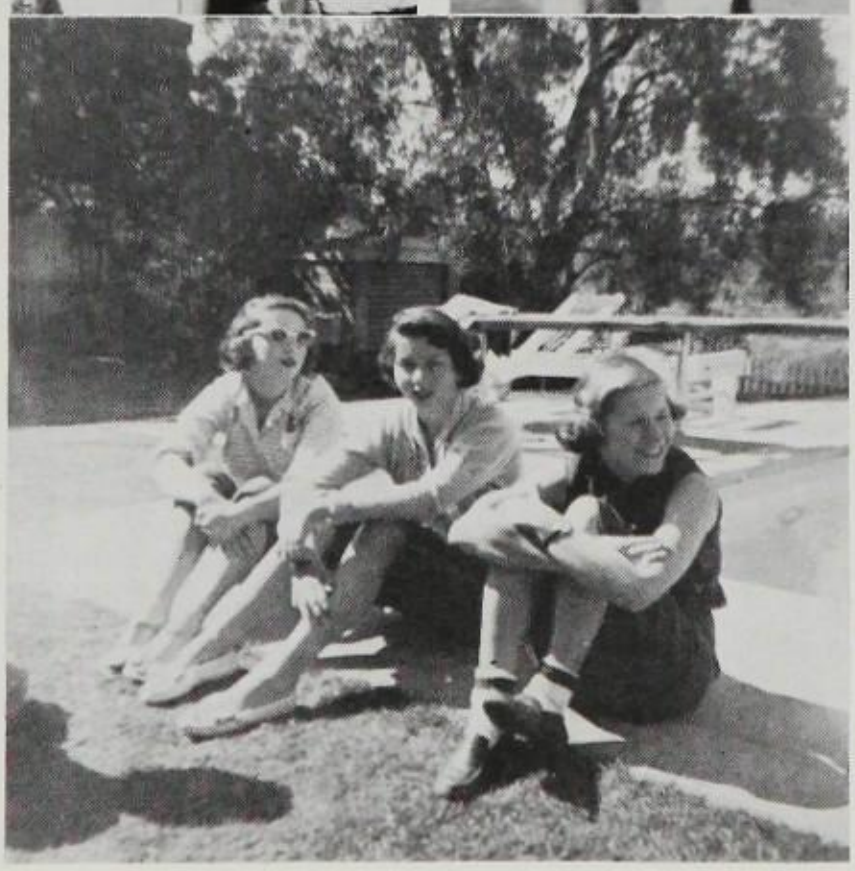

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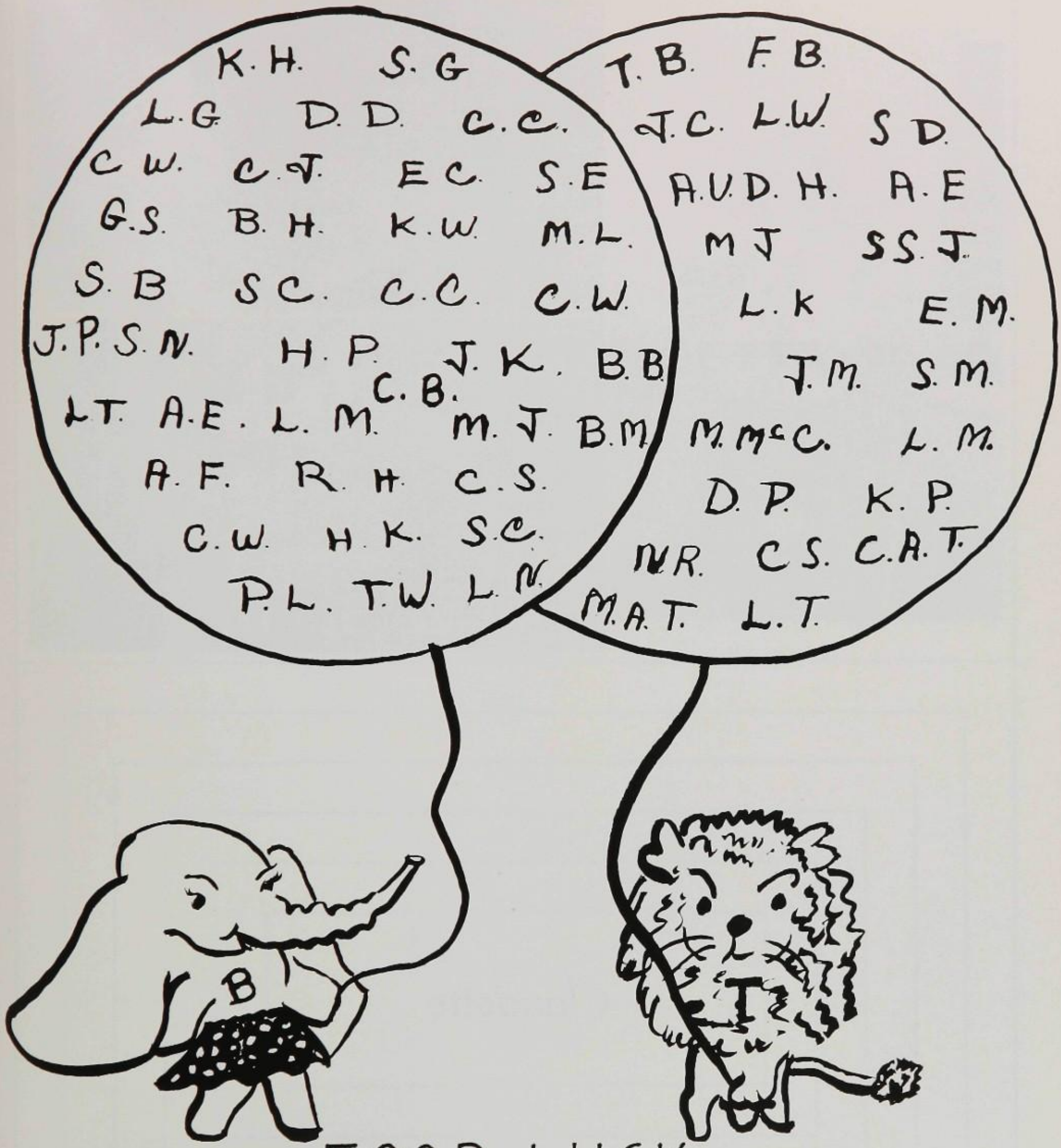

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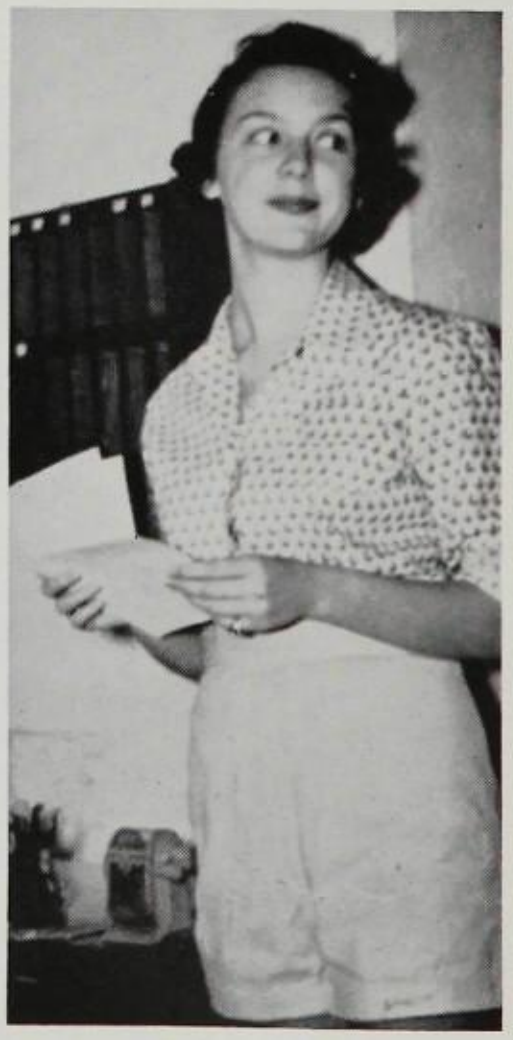

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